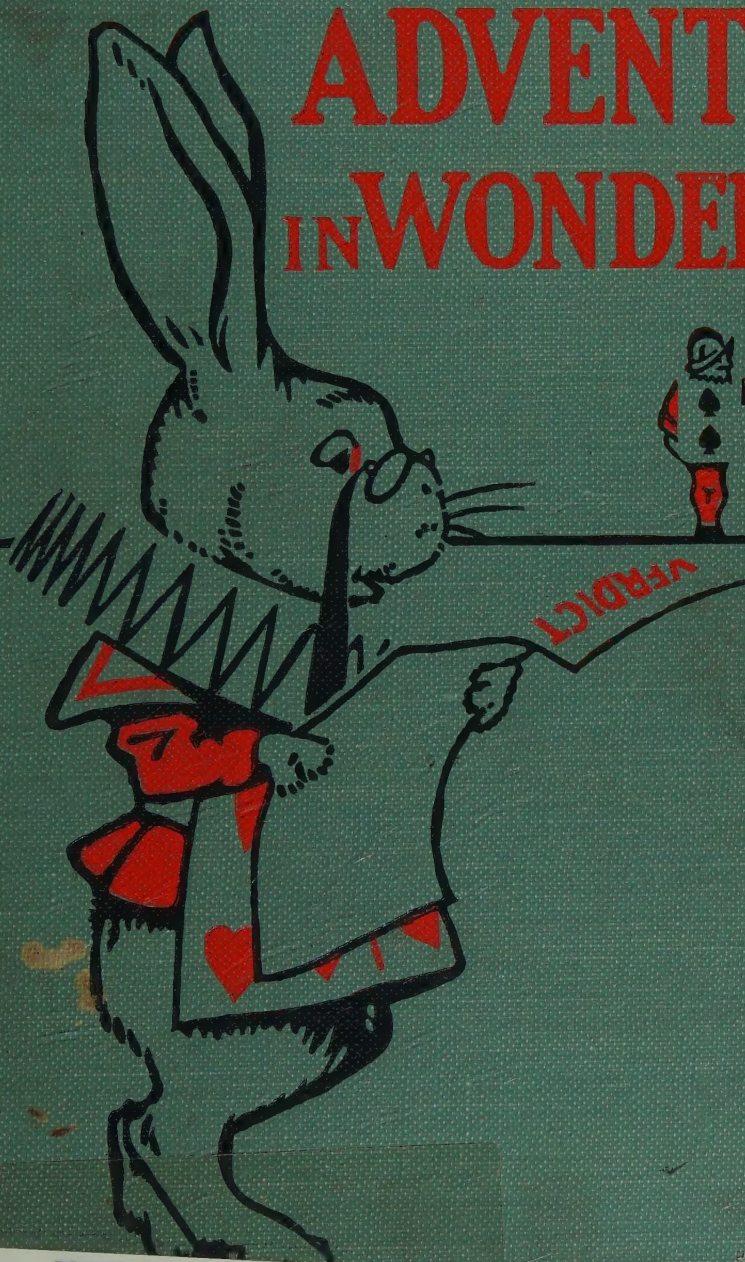


ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND



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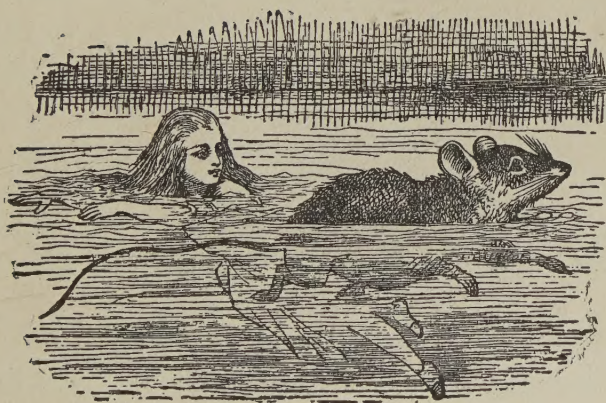


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ALICE'S
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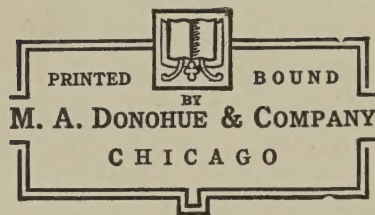
BY
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CHICAGO NEW YORK

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Alice, and she had such a funny dream. She saw a White Rabbit with pink eyes run by. He was dressed in a dear little coat and waistcoat, and he carried a tiny, wee umbrella under his arm. Alice saw him take a small watch out of his pocket. Now was not that a strange thing for a little White Rabbit to do?

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be late,” she heard him say, as he looked at his watch. Now Alice had never seen a White Rabbit dressed in a coat and waistcoat before, nor had she seen one with a watch, so that when he hurried away she jumped up and ran after him, and was just in time to see him pop down a rabbit hole.



In another moment down ran Alice after him, never thinking how she was going to get out again. It was very dark, and all at once she felt herself falling down a deep well. Down, down, down she fell through the darkness, until she thought she was never going to stop. Then suddenly there was a thump, thump, and she found herself sitting upon a large heap of dry leaves and sticks.

Alice, who was not a bit hurt, saw in front of her the White Rabbit scurrying along. Up she jumped and ran after him again, but he turned a corner so sharply that she lost sight of him.

She looked round and found she was in a long, low hall lighted by a row of lamps hanging from the roof. Near her was a pretty little glass table, and on it lay a golden key.

There were doors upon each side of the hall, so Alice picked up the key and tried to open one of them, but it would not fit into

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any of the keyholes. Just as she was turning away she noticed a curtain, and found behind it another door that was just about large enough for a rabbit to crawl through. She tried the golden key, and was delighted to find that it fitted exactly.

When Alice had opened the door she saw a long narrow tunnel. And on kneeling down she could see at the other end, such a lovely garden. Oh! how much she wished that she could get through and pick the beautiful flowers, but the tunnel was much too small for that. It was no use wishing, so she got up, locked the door, and walked back to the little glass table again.

This time she found upon the table a small bottle on which a paper label was fastened with the words, "DRINK ME" printed in beautiful large letters. Alice took the cork out and tasted the contents, which was so nice that she soon drank it all up. Then such a very funny thing happened. "How curious," said Alice, "why I feel exactly like a telescope being shut up."

And so Alice was shutting up, and she went on getting smaller and smaller until she was only ten inches high. She felt very glad of this for now she was tiny enough to run down the tunnel into that beautiful garden. She waited a few minutes to see if she would get any smaller, for at one time she thought she might shrink to nothing, and what a dreadful thing that would have been.

But as she did not shrink any more, she ran to open the little door, when alas, she found she had left the key behind. Alice went back to the table to fetch the key, but she had become such a tiny mite that she could not reach it. She was trying vainly to climb the slippery leg of the table when she spied a little glass box on the floor.

The box contained a small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were marked in currants. "I will eat it," said Alice; "if it makes me grow taller I can reach the key, and if I get smaller I can crawl under the door."

"Curiouser and curiouser," cried Alice, forgetting to speak correctly; "now I'm opening out again like a great big telescope."

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"Good-bye feet," said Alice, for when she looked down she found that her feet were almost out of sight, they were so far off.

"Oh! my poor little feet, I wonder who will put your shoes and stockings on for you now, dears? I'm sure I shan't be able; you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want."

Alice went on growing bigger and bigger, until she was twice as tall as when she ran after the White Rabbit, so of course she could very easily reach the golden key, which she hurried off with and opened the little door. Poor Alice! She began to cry bitterly when she found she was so large that she could not even get her hand into the tunnel that led into the garden.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice; "a great girl like you crying. Stop this moment." But she still went on crying, until there was quite a deep pool of water all around her.

After a time she heard a pattering of feet in the distance. It was the White Rabbit returning, beautifully dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other.

He came trotting along, muttering to himself, "Oh, the Duchess! the Duchess!. Won't she be angry if I keep her waiting." As the rabbit came nearer, Alice said in a timid voice, "If you please, sir——" but he was so frightened that he ran away, dropping his gloves and fan as he went. Alice picked up the fan and gloves, and as the hall was very hot she began to fan herself.

"I do wish somebody would come and fetch me," said Alice; then she looked down, and found that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little kid gloves. "How can I have done that? Why, I must be growing smaller again," she thought, as she rose and stood by the table. True enough, she was getting smaller than ever, and the cause of it was the fan with which she was fanning herself.

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Alice dropped the fan quickly, but only just in time to stop herself from shrinking away altogether. "Now for the garden," she said, as she ran to the little door, but alas; she had once more left the key on the table, and could not reach it. Alice began to cry again. "It's really too bad," she sobbed. As she said this her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water.

At first she thought she had fallen into the sea, and she expected to find a lot of little children with wooden spades and buckets digging in the sand, as she had done when she was once at the seaside. Alice also remembered that she went to the seaside in a train, and she thought that when she got out of the water, she would be able to take the train home again.

But she soon found it was the pool of tears she had wept when she grew so big, and not the sea at all. "I do wish I had not cried so much," said Alice, as she swam about trying to find

her way out. "I shall be punished for it, I expect, by being drowned in my own tears. That will be a queer thing, to be sure. But everything is queer today."



Just then she heard a splashing near her, and found it was a poor little Mouse who, like herself, had slipped in. Alice thought she would ask the Mouse

if he could tell her the way out. So she asked him, but he did not answer. Then she began to tell him about her cat Dinah, and what a clever mouser she was. This so frightened the poor little creature that he jumped right out of the water.

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Alice said she was very sorry, and promised not to talk of cats again. So the Mouse swam back to her side and said, "Let us get to shore." And it was quite time they did, too, for the pool was getting full of no end of strange creatures. There was a queer bird called a Dodo, and three other birds: one called a Lory, one an Eaglet, and one a Duck, and many other funny animals.

Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to shore. They were a queer looking lot: birds with draggled feathers, and animals with their fur all clinging to them; all were dripping wet, and all were very cross.

"The way to get dry," said the Dodo, "is for us all to have a race."

It was a funny race. First of all, everybody was placed in a circle.

Then they ran for about half-an-hour, until all were quite dry; the Dodo called out: "The race is over." Immediately they crowded round, asking: "Who has won?" The Dodo thought for a long time. At last he said, "Everybody has won, and all must have prizes." The Dodo said that Alice would give the prizes, and the whole party came clamoring round her.



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At first Alice did not know what to do; then she felt in her pocket and found a box of sweets that the water had not hurt. Luckily, there was just one apiece.

"But she must have a prize herself," said the Mouse.

"Of course," said the Dodo, gravely.

"What else have you got in your pocket?" he asked.

"Only a thimble," said Alice, sadly.

"Hand it over," said the Dodo. Then he took it and solemnly presented it to her, and the animals cheered. Alice thought this very funny, but as they all looked so grave she did not dare to laugh. Then they commenced to eat their sweets. This caused no end of noise, for the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked, and had to be patted on their backs.

After this the Mouse sat down and began to tell them a tale. In the middle of it he got up in a rage and walked away, because, he said, Alice was not attending.



Then Alice began to tell them how clever her cat Dinah was at catching mice and birds. This frightened them so much that they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving Alice all alone.

She felt very lonely, and was just beginning to cry again when she heard a pattering of feet. At first she thought it was the Mouse come back to finish his story, but after all it was the White Rabbit.

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“Oh dear! Oh dear! where can I have dropped them?” he was saying, as he looked on the ground. Alice guessed in a moment that he was looking for his white kid gloves and fan.

“The Duchess will have my head cut off,” he muttered; then, catching sight of Alice, he went on angrily, “What are you doing here, Mary Ann? Go home at once and fetch my gloves and fan, and be quick about it.” Alice was so frightened at his angry tone, that she ran off as fast as she could and did not stop until she came to a neat little house, on the door of which was written “W. RABBIT.”



She went in, and soon found the fan and gloves, and was coming away, when she saw a little bottle on the dressing table. Perhaps if I drink it, I shall grow big again, she thought; so she took a little, and immediately she felt her head bump against the ceiling. Hastily she dropped the bottle, and it was lucky she did so, for she had already grown too big to get out of the Rabbit's house.

Alice felt very unhappy, for she thought she might never be able to get out of the Rabbit's house again. Whilst she was

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thinking, she heard an angry voice outside say: "Fetch me my gloves this moment, Mary Ann—do you hear?" Then there was a pattering of feet on the stairs, and Alice knew it was the Rabbit come to look for her, and she trembled so much that she shook the house.

She quite forgot how much bigger she was than the Rabbit, and that she had no reason to be

afraid. Presently she felt him come to the door and try to open it, but as her elbow was pressing against it, it would not open.

"I'll go round, and get in at the window," Alice heard him say to himself, as he ran off.

"That you won't if I can help it," thought Alice.

Presently she heard the Rabbit just under the window. Putting her hand out, she made a snatch in the air. She did not catch hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek, a fall, and then a crash of broken glass. Alice could not put her head out of the window, but she guessed the Rabbit must have fallen into the cucumber frame that she remembered having seen as she entered.

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Next, Alice heard the Rabbit's angry voice—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" Then a voice she had not heard before answered: "Sure, I'm here, digging apples, yer honour."

"Digging apples, indeed," said the rabbit, angrily; "come and help me out of this."

"What's that in the window?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour."

"Then it's no business there; go and take it away," Alice heard the Rabbit say. There was a lot of whispering.

"Who's to go down the chimney?" said one.

"Why, Bill," said another. "Here, Bill, the master says you're to go down the chimney."

"Oh!" thought Alice, "so Bill's coming down the chimney. I'm sorry for Bill; my foot's in the fireplace, and I can kick a little."

Alice waited until she could hear a little animal scratching in the chimney. She could not guess what sort of animal it was, but, saying to herself, "That's Bill," she gave a sharp kick.

Then she heard a lot of voices shouting: "There goes Bill," and then the rabbit said, "Catch him, you there by the hedge. We must burn this house down." Alice was very frightened indeed at this.

So she called out as loudly as she could: "If you do, I'll set our cat Dinah at you."



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Then there came a shower of small stones through the window, which, as they fell, turned into little cakes.

"If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it is sure to make some change in my size." So she ate one, and was delighted to find herself getting smaller.

Directly Alice got small enough, she jumped up quickly and ran out of the house.

Outside she found quite a crowd of little animals, who all

made a rush at her the moment she appeared. But she ran so fast that they could not catch her, and she soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"First of all," thought Alice, "I must try and get back to my right size.

"Then I must see if I can find my way into that lovely little garden." Just then she heard a sharp bark above her head, and looking up she saw a great big puppy, with large round eyes, stretching out one of its paws and trying to touch her. "Poor little thing,"

said Alice soothingly, for she felt rather frightened. Then she picked up a bit of stick and held it out to the puppy.

With a yelp of delight the puppy jumped into the air and made a rush for the stick, tumbling head-over-heels in its excitement. Alice, thinking that it was rather like having a game of play with a cart horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled upon and crushed, ran behind a thistle and made her escape.

"What a dear little puppy it was," she said, as she leaned against a buttercup.



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"If I had only been the right size, how much I should have liked to teach it tricks," she said. "Oh! dear, how tiresome it is. I suppose I must eat or drink something if I want to get to my right size again. But the question is, what?"

She looked all round her, at the flowers and blades of grass as if expecting them to answer.

A little distance from her Alice saw a large mushroom growing, that was just about her height.

She wanted very much indeed to know what was on the top of it, and she found that by standing on tip-toe, she could just see over the edge.

Now what do you think she saw?

Why, a large blue caterpillar smoking such a funny pipe. He did not take any notice of Alice at all.

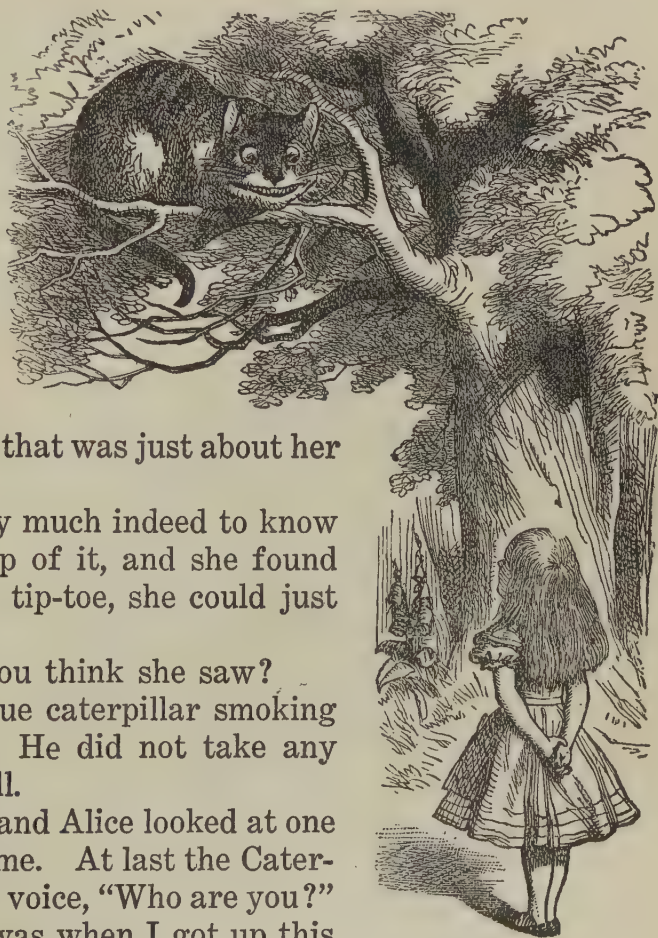
The Caterpillar and Alice looked at one another for a long time. At last the Caterpillar said in a sleepy voice, "Who are you?"

"I know who I was when I got up this morning, sir," said Alice, "but I hardly know just at present; you see, I change so often."

"So you think you have changed, do you?" said the Caterpillar.

"I am very much afraid so," said Alice.

"You see," she went on, "I don't keep the same size for ten minutes; why, I am only three inches high now."



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"And a very nice height, too," said the Caterpillar, who was just about as tall as Alice.

"If you want to grow taller," continued the Caterpillar, as he climbed down from the mushroom, "just eat a little off one side of this mushroom; and if smaller, take a bite from the other."

Alice did not know which side of the mushroom she ought to eat to grow taller, so she nibbled at the righthand side first, but this made her grow much too tall to enter a nice little house that she could see in the distance.

So she nibbled some off the other side until she thought she was small enough.



As she came near the house she saw a footman run out of the wood.

Although he had a fish's head, Alice knew he was a footman, for he was dressed in livery. He rapped at the door, which was opened by an-

other footman with a head like a frog. Taking a letter from under his arm, the Fish Footman said solemnly, "For the Duchess; an invitation from the Queen to croquet."

Alice went timidly up to the door, and knocked. "It's no use your knocking," said the Frog Footman.

"Why?" said Alice.

"Because I'm on this side of the door," he answered.

"How am I to get in then?" she asked.

"Any way you like," he answered, as he began to whistle.

Alice saw it was useless to ask him any more, he was so stupid, so she just walked in. She found that the door led right into a kitchen that was full of smoke from end to end.

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The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool, nursing a baby; and the Cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large sauce-pan of soup.

Alice began to sneeze. "There's too much pepper in that soup," thought Alice.

Then the Duchess sneezed, and the baby sneezed, and howled, too; the only things that did not sneeze were the Cook, and a large Cat that was grinning from ear to ear.

"Why does your Cat grin like that?" asked Alice, timidly.

"It's a Che-snire Cat, that's why. Pig!" said the Duchess.

She said "Pig" so sharply that Alice jumped, but she found it was the baby that she was speaking to. Then the Duchess began to sing to it:



"Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."

At the end of each line she shook the baby violently.

"Here, you can nurse the baby if you like," said the Duchess, flinging it to Alice. "I must get ready to play croquet with the Queen."

"If I don't take it away," thought Alice, "they are sure to kill it in a day or two."

The little thing grunted.

"Don't grunt," said Alice, "that's not a proper way of talking.

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Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "What shall I do with this creature when I get home?" when it grunted again so loudly that Alice looked at it in alarm. There was no mistake about it, the baby had turned into a Pig, and as she felt it would be a silly thing to carry it any more, she set it down, and was pleased to see it run off into the wood.

Alice was thinking what a funny thing this was, when she was startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat on a tree quite close to her.

The Cat grinned at Alice.



"Cheshire Puss," she said, timidly, "which way ought I to go from here?"

"That depends on which way you want to go," said the Cat. "In one direction lives a Hatter, and in another lives a March Hare; they're both mad."

"I don't want to visit mad people," said Alice.

"You can't help it," said the Cat. "We're all mad here; you're mad, or you would not have come." With these

words it suddenly vanished.

"Bye-the-bye," said the Cat, appearing again, "where's the baby?"

"It turned into a Pig," said Alice.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, vanishing once more.

As the Cat did not appear again, Alice began to walk in the direction of the March Hare's house.

"It's May," thought Alice, "so it won't be half so mad as it would be in March."

"Did you say Pig, or Fig?" said the Cat, once more appearing.

"I said Pig," replied Alice, "and I wish you would not keep coming and going like that; it makes me giddy."

"All right," said the Cat, and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of its tail and ending with the grin.

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"I've often seen a Cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but never a grin without a Cat."

She walked on a little way, and soon saw what she felt sure was the March Hare's house, because it had chimneys shaped like ears, and was thatched with fur.

It was such a large house, that Alice did not like to go nearer until she had nibbled some more of the left-hand side of the mushroom. When she had raised herself to about two feet high, she walked rather timidly towards the house.

"Supposing the Hare should really be raving mad after all," she said to herself. "I almost wish I had gone to see the Hatter instead."

There was a table set out under a tree, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep. The table was a large one, but the party were all crowded together.

"No room! no room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room" said Alice, who seated herself in an armchair at the table.

"Have some wine?" said the March Hare.

"I don't see any," said Alice.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"That is not very civil," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"The table is laid for more than three," replied Alice.

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter.

"You shouldn't make personal remarks," said Alice.



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The Hatter putting his watch to his ear asked, "What day of the month is this?"

"The fourth," replied Alice.

"Two days wrong," said the Hatter; "I knew butter was bad for the works."

"It was the best butter," said the March Hare, meekly.

"You shouldn't have put it in with a bread-knife," grumbled the Hatter.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter as he poured some tea over its nose.

The Dormouse only shook its head, saying, "Of course! Just what I was going to say myself."

"We quarrelled last March, just before he went mad," said the Hatter, pointing with his teaspoon to the March Hare. "It was at a concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky."

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and in its sleep began singing softly: "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"I had just finished," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and shouted 'Off with his head!'"

"Ever since then," he continued, "he won't do a thing I ask him. It's always six o'clock now."

"Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out?" asked Alice.

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"Yes," replied the Hatter, sadly. "It's always tea time, and we've no time to wash up; we keep moving round."

"What happens when you come to the beginning again?" said Alice.

"Suppose we change the subject," said the March Hare.



The Dormouse was made to wake up and tell a story about three little girls who lived on treacle at the bottom of a well.

Alice, who was very interested, asked a lot of questions about the little girls, and the March Hare was so rude that she got up and left the table. As she did so, she looked back and saw the Dormouse being dipped in the teapot.

"It's the stupidest tea-party I was ever at in my life," thought Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. Suddenly she noticed that one of the trees had a door in it, and entering she once more found herself in the long hall and close to the glass table.

"I'll manage better this time," she said, as she took the golden key and unlocked the door that led into the garden.

Now Alice had been very careful indeed all this time to keep a little bit of each side of the mushroom in her pocket, and so she

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set to work nibbling a bit until she was about twelve inches high. Then she walked down the little passage quite easily, for she was



just the right size; and then she found herself at last in the beautiful garden among the flowers and cool fountains.

The roses were white, but three gardeners were busily engaged in painting them red. Alice thought this so funny that she went near to watch.

"Now then, Five, look out; don't go splashing the paint over me like that," she

heard one say.

"I couldn't help it," said Five; "Seven jogged my elbow."

"That's right, Five," said Seven, "always lay the blame on others."

"You had better not talk," said Five. "I heard the Queen say, only yesterday, you ought to be beheaded."

"Will you tell me," said Alice, timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

"The fact is, Miss," said Two, in a low voice, "this ought to have been a red rose tree. We planted white in mistake, and if the Queen finds it out she'll have every one of our heads cut off."

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Just then Five, who had been looking across the garden, shouted, "The Queen! The Queen!" and all the three fell on their faces.

Alice watched the long procession, anxious to see the Queen who wanted to cut everybody's head off. She saw the White Rabbit, and she saw the Knave of Hearts carrying the King's crown on a velvet cushion; and last of all came the King and Queen of Hearts.

"Who is this?" asked the Queen, severely, when she saw Alice.

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," answered Alice; adding to herself, "They're only cards; I needn't be afraid."

"And who are these?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners.

"How should I know?" said Alice.

The Queen turned crimson with fury. "Off with her head!" she screamed.

"Consider, my dear, she's only a child," said the King.

"Can you play croquet?" shouted the Queen.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on then!" roared the Queen. and Alice

joined the procession.

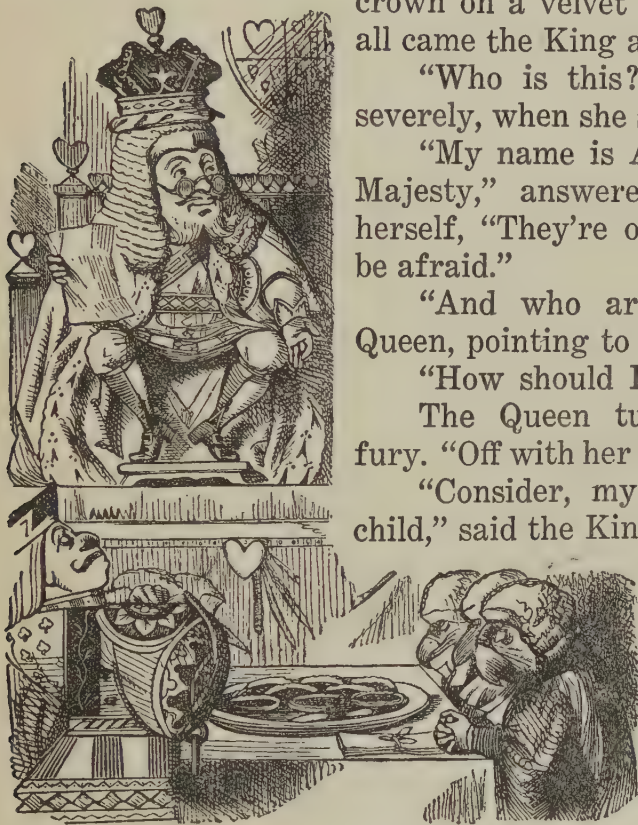
"It's—it's a very fine day," said a timid voice at her side. She looked up and saw she was walking next to the White Rabbit.

"Very," said Alice. "Where's the Duchess?"

"Hush!" said the Rabbit.

"Her head is to be cut off for being late," he whispered.

"To your places!" the Queen shouted in a voice of thunder.



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People ran in all directions, but they soon settled down and the game began.

Alice had never seen such a curious croquet ground in her life; it was all hills and holes. The balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets were funny birds with long necks, called Flamingoes.

Alice found it very difficult to play, for when she tried to strike one of the hedgehogs, her Flamingo looked up into her face, as much as to say, "What are you trying to do?" Then, when she at last did get a chance she usually found her hedgehog scampering off. Alice, who had heard the Queen order three of the

players to be be-headed for missing their turns, became rather uneasy.

She was looking for a way of escape, when she saw the Cheshire Cat's head suddenly appear in the air.

"How do you like the Queen?" whispered the Cat.

"Not at all," said Alice.

"Who are you talking to?" asked the King, who came up and looked in alarm

at the Cat's head.

"It's a friend of mine, a Cheshire Cat," said Alice.

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King.



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Then he asked the Queen to have the Cat's head removed.

"Off with its head!" shouted the Queen.

But the Executioner said that he could not cut off a head that had no body. This made the Queen very angry, and she said that if something was not done in a twinkling she would have everybody's head cut off.

"It belongs to the Duchess," said Alice.

"Then fetch her out of prison," said the Queen.

But long before the Duchess came the Cat had disappeared, and there was no head to cut off.

"I'm so glad to see you," said the Duchess, as she put her arm through Alice's.

"I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, "either you or your head must be off; take your choice."

The Duchess took her choice, and was off in a moment.

"If you have not seen the Mock Turtle yet," said the Queen, "come with me, and he shall tell you his history. They make soup of him," she explained.

As Alice went she heard the King say: "You are all pardoned." This made her glad, for she had been quite unhappy at the thought of so many people being beheaded.

Soon they came to a Gryphon.

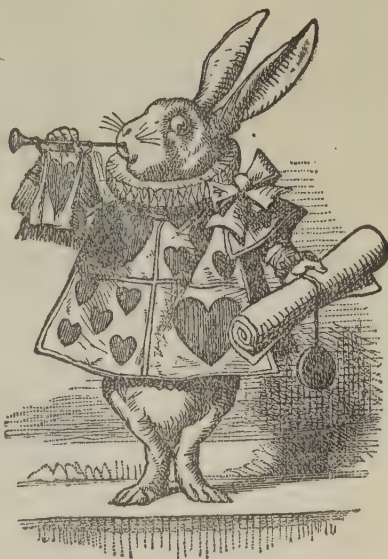
"Take this young lady to the Mock Turtle," said the Queen, who then left.

They soon found the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears.

"Tell this young lady your history," said the Gryphon.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a long silence, and Alice, thinking that the story was finished, said politely: "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story."



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"When we were little," he continued, proudly, "we went to school."

"I've been to a day school, too," said Alice; "so you need not be so proud."

"Ah! but you may not have lived much under the sea," he continued; "and perhaps you have never been introduced to a Lobster, and don't know what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is."

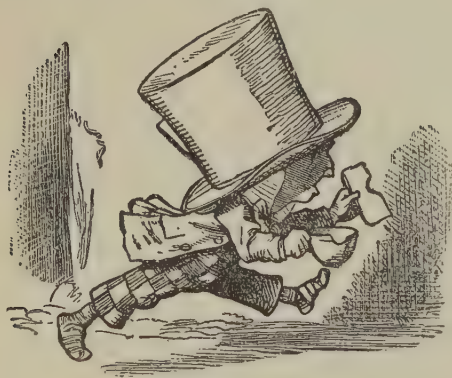
"What sort of a dance is it?" said Alice.

"Form a line along the seashore," said the Gryphon.

"Two lines," said the Mock Turtle. "Seals, Turtles, and so on, each with a Lobster for a partner."

"I should very much like to see how it's done," said Alice.

So they began solemnly dancing round her, saying these words slowly and sadly:



"Will you walk a little faster?" said a Whiting to a Snail,

"There's a Porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.

So how eagerly the Lobsters and the Turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle, will you come and join

the dance?"

When they had finished dancing the Gryphon said to Alice: "Now stand up and repeat, 'Tis the voice of the Sluggard.'" Alice was thinking so much about the quadrille that the words came very queer indeed:—

"'Tis the voice of the lobster,
I hear him declare,
You have baked me too brown,
I must sugar my hair!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

As a Duck with its eyelids, so
he with his nose,
Trims his belt and his buttons
and turns out his toes."

"It's different from what I said when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"I never heard it before, but it sounds very stupid," said the Mock Turtle.

Alice said nothing, but sat with her head in her hands wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.

"I think you had better leave off," said the Gryphon, and poor Alice was only too pleased to do so.

The Mock Turtle was just going to sing another song, when a cry was heard of, "The trial's beginning!"

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and taking Alice by the hand, it hurried her off without waiting for the end of the song.

"What trial?" Alice panted as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered, "Come on!" while more and more faintly in the distance they could hear the Mock Turtle singing.

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on a throne with a great crowd around them, all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards.

The Knave was standing before them in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him.

Near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand and a roll of parchment in the other.

In the middle of the Court on a table was a large dish of tarts, that made Alice feel quite hungry.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

"Herald, read the accusation," said the King.

The White Rabbit blew three blasts on his trumpet and read from the parchment as follows:—

"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts,

All on a summer day;

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts

And took them quite away."

"Stupid things," began Alice, in a loud voice, but she stopped hastily, for the White Rabbit called out: "Silence in Court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked round severely to see who was talking.

"Consider your verdict," said the King to the jury, who were twelve little creatures in a box, among which were a Squirrel, a Lizard, a Frog, a Mouse, and a couple of Guinea Pigs.

"Not yet, not yet," the Rabbit interrupted; "there's a great deal more to come."

"Call the first witness, then," said the King, and the Rabbit blew three blasts, crying out: "First witness."

In came the Hatter with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

"I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, "but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"When did you begin?" said the King. The Hatter looked at the March Hare who had come into Court with the Dormouse.

"Fourteenth of March, I think it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

"Write that down and add it up," said the King to the jury.

"Take your hat off immediately," said the King.

"It isn't mine," said the



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Hatter; "I keep them to sell. I've none of my own," he added nervously.

"Give your evidence, and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot," said the King.

This made the Hatter so frightened that he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of his bread.



Just at this moment Alice felt a curious sensation; she was growing large again.

"I wish you would not squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was next to her. "I can hardly breathe."

"Bring me the list of singers at the last concert," said the Queen, who had been looking at the Hatter. This made him tremble, so his shoes fell off.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

"I'd rather finish my tea," he said.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter ran off so fast he forgot his shoes.

"Next," said the King.

"Alice!" shouted the Rabbit.

"Here!" cried Alice, rising, and forgetting how big she had grown, and in her hurry she upset the jury box, sending the little creatures sprawling all over the place.

"The jury must be collected again before the trial can proceed," said the King.

While the jury was being collected the King was looking at Alice.

The whole pack rose in the air.

Suddenly he called out: "Silence!" Then he read from a book: "Rule Forty-two:—All persons more than a mile high to leave the Court."

"I'm not a mile high," said Alice, as she saw everybody looking at her.



"'You're nearly two miles high,'" said the Queen.

After Alice left a lot more witnesses were called, and then once again the King said: "Let the jury consider their verdict."

"Sentence first, verdict afterwards," said the

Queen.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Alice.

"Off with her head," said the Queen.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

"Who cares for you, you're only a pack of cards," said Alice. At this the whole pack rose in the air and came flying at her. She gave a little scream, and, half in fear, half in anger, was trying to beat them off, when—

She found herself lying on a bank with her head in her sister's lap.

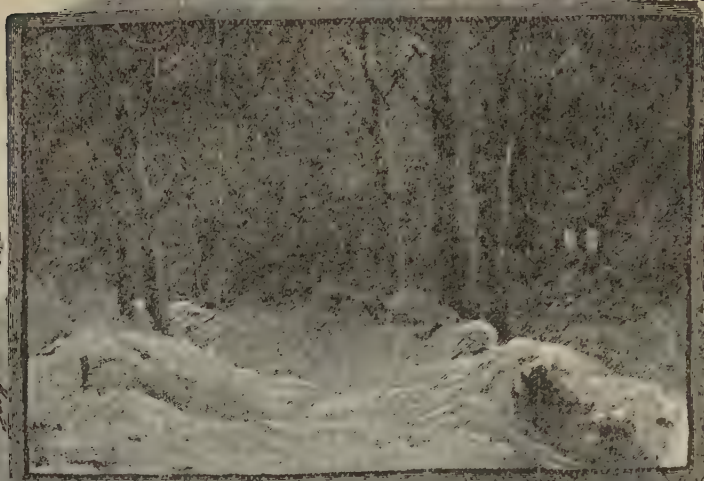
"Wake up, Alice, dear," said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you've had."

"Oh! I've had such a curious dream," said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers you have just been reading about, and truly it was a wonderful dream—was it not?



THE END.

DOWN IN THE STORM



Edmond H. Garrett.

CHIP AND NIP.

ONE fine warm day in spring, Chip and Nip sat on a grape-vine, shaking and nodding their wise little heads as they talked in bird-talk to each other.

The vine on which they were sitting was near a farmhouse. They were talking of building a nest; and whether to build it here, or go to the woods, was the subject on which they were spending all those little chirps, nods, and winks.

Chip was in favor of a home in the woods; but, as Nip preferred the vine, he thought it but fair that she should have her choice, as she would be housekeeper. So it was settled; and both flew to the barnyard for hair to build with.

Soon they were as busy as bees, weaving the most beautiful nest you ever saw, as smooth as a cup, and fastened to its place in the vine with some cord they found near.

The next thing to be done was to furnish the nest; and they went again and again to the barnyard, where they found plenty of nice soft wool on the sides of the gate, which the sheep had rubbed off while passing through. This they made into a nice soft bed.

The next day, while Chip was away in the woods, Nip laid a beautiful egg in the nest. It was blue, with brown spots on one end; and she felt much pleased to think what a happy surprise it would be for Chip when he came home.

He was as much pleased as herself, and said there could be no prettier sight than that lovely egg lying there on the white wool, with his pretty, bright-eyed wife looking down upon it.

Nip received his praises with much modesty, and, in a few days, laid two more just like the first: so, of course, there were three.

Then Nip nestled down softly on the eggs, and sat there most of the time for some days.

CHIP AND NIP

A little boy used to come on tip-toe to the window, and watch Chip as he flew in and out of the vine, bringing worms to Nip; but he was so quiet, that they soon got used to seeing him, and missed him if he did not come.



One day, as Nip was quietly sitting there, winking at the little boy at the window, she heard a faint "peep" under her wing. She moved herself a little, and saw a little hole in the side of one of the eggs. A little beak was inside, pecking away at the shell. Soon, with her own help, the hole was made large enough for two bright little eyes to look through. Then Nip and the little bird inside worked

FANNY AND DICKY.

still harder; and soon the shell came off, and there was a little bird no bigger than a bumble-bee.

The same thing happened to the other two eggs; and, when Chip came home with the dinner, there were three little mouths open, ready to take it. Dear good Nip waited for hers till they had had all they wanted. It was not long, for they were too young to eat much.

Both the birds took great pains, and fed the little ones every day; and Nip covered them with her wings at night and through all the stormy days; and both took care of them till they were large enough to take care of themselves.

MRS. E. J. ROGERS.



FANNY AND DICKY.

FANNY is five years old, and Dicky is seven. They are very fond of each other, and have nice times together with their blocks and toys. But I am going to tell you about a play which they enjoy very much. They play it in the nursery, or in their mamma's chamber. Their older sister Sue, and the nurse Sarah, play with them. It is called "INTRODUCE TO THE KING AND QUEEN."

This is the way they play it: They take two chairs, and place them apart, leaving the width of another chair between them. They then spread their papa's blanket-shawl over the chairs; while Dicky sits on the end of the shawl on one chair, and Fanny on the other, leaving a seat between them. Fanny is then queen, and Dicky is king. Sister Sue will then bring in Sarah the nurse to introduce her to the king and queen. Sarah is a tall woman, wearing a cap, and knows how to enter very handsomely. She is introduced with much pomp to the king and queen, and is asked by Sister

FANNY AND DICKY.

Sue to take a seat between them, which she does very humbly.

Dicky and Fanny, all ready for the fun, rise at that moment, and, lo! Sarah falls between the chairs in such a way as to please the little ones. Then there is such a clapping of hands, that it takes some time to be still again.

Then Fanny says that she must be introduced; and nurse Sarah takes her seat as queen. Fanny goes out till all is



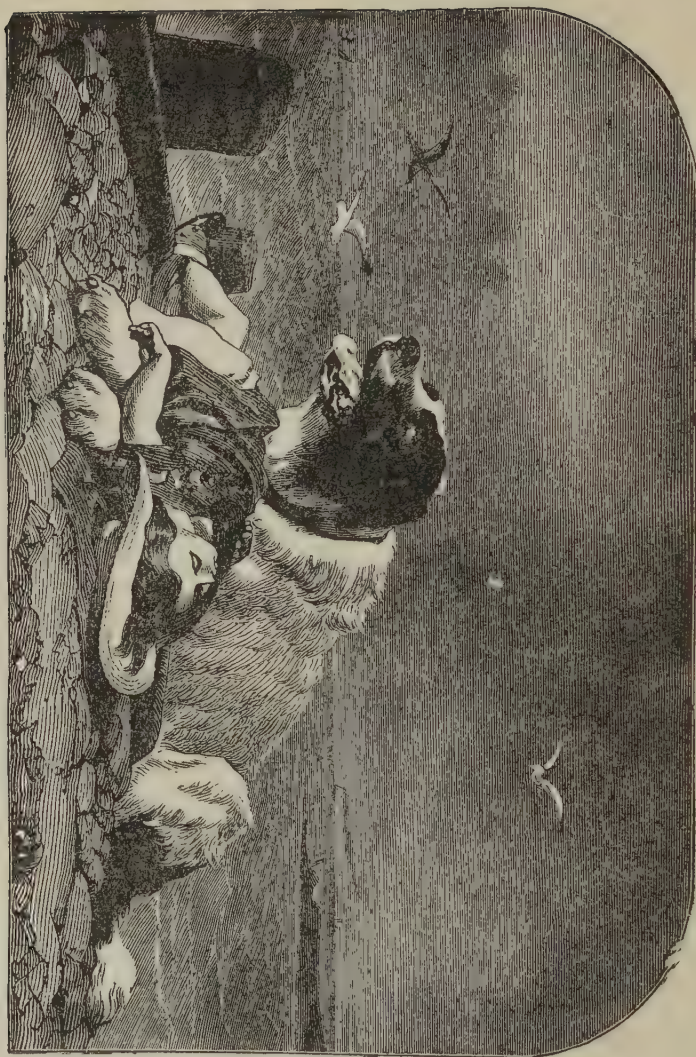
ready; and, when the signal is given, she enters with her head high, and her toes turned out, to be presented; and she, too, gets a fall and a sprawl.

Sister Sue and Dicky each have their turns; and, when grandma will be introduced, the fun is greater than ever: but they slip a pillow under silyly when she plays.

I think it is a good plan always to put the pillow under, so that nobody can get hurt by the fall.

GRANDMA.





SAVED.

LAST June, when we were at the sea-side, there was a boy in a house near by, whose name was George Hope. He was not quite five years old.

SAVED.

His folks were at the sea-side with him for their health; and, as there was no school near to which he could be sent, George had a good deal of time for play.

He was not a bad boy; but some-times he did not heed what was said to him. We had seen him at play near the edge of the wharf; and we had told him he would fall off if he did not take care.

Now, the wharf was so built out in-to the sea, that, when the tide was high, the waves dashed up so as to wet the posts. Large ships could come up to the end of the wharf.

On a fine day, when a soft breeze blew from the land, and the sun had come out to drive off the clouds and make all things bright, George went down to the wharf to play. He did not bear in mind that his moth'er had told him, the day be-fore, not to go to the wharf with-out some one to see to him. The wind blew so, it would have blown off his straw hat if it had not been tied under his chin.

George looked at the sea, and thought it a fine sight. The tide was high. The air was so fresh and sweet, that it made him feel gay. "Oh! I do so want to jump and leap!" thought he. "I wish I could have a sail in a small boat!"

Far off out at sea and a-against the sky, he could spy a steam-boat; then, to the right, a white sail; then, far off to the left, a dark sail. He could count three large gulls that were fly'ing o'ver the wharf. Two were white, and one was of a dark hue. George jumped up as if he would like to reach them.

Then he ran round on the beams that made the edge of the wharf. How bright and blue the waves did look! "I must run round once more," thought George. And he ran round, and did not fall.

Then he thought he would try it a third time. But, as he ran, the sole of his shoe, which was torn, was caught by a

SAVED.

rough place in the beam, and, sad to say, George tripped, and fell from the wharf in-to the sea.

He could not swim; and, as he went down, the salt wa'ter filled his mouth and nose, so that he thought he should choke. Up he came *once*; and, as he saw the sky, he cried, "Help!" Then down he went.

Up he came a second time. "Help, help!" he cried; but that was all he could say. Down he went a third time, and it seemed as if there was to be no help for the poor boy. Was that look at the sky to be his last?

Now, it chanced, that, just at that time, I was on the way to the beach with my good stout dog Bob. Far off I had seen the boy run round on the edge of the wharf, and I had said to Bob, "Bob, go and see to that child."

Bob knew at once what I meant. He ran and ran, and, though he ran quite fast, he did not get to the wharf till George had sunk the third time. But he did not sink so far that Bob could not seize him by the dress with his teeth, and bring him up.

Bob found a place where the wharf was not high; and there he took George up, and laid him on the ground. When I got there, the good dog was keep'ing guard o'ver George.

The poor boy had not come to his senses yet. I turned him o'ver, and got the salt wa'ter out of his throat; and then I rubbed him, and rolled him a-bout till he o'pened his eyes.

I led George home to my own house; and my wife took his clothes off, and put on a dry suit that was our little boy's. Soon George was well and bright. I then took him home to his mother, and told her all about it.

She wept with joy at the thought of her son's res'cue. As for my good stout dog Bob, he was so pet'ted by all the folks in the house, that I thought they would spoil him. George's sis'ter Julia read these lines to the dog; but I do

SAVED.

not be-lieve that Bob un-der-stood a word of them, though he wagged his tail a good deal, and seemed to share in the joy of all:—

“O dog! so faithful and bold,
O dog! so tender and true,
You shall wear a collar of gold,
And a crown, if you like it, too.
You shall lie on the softest satin;
You shall feed from a diamond dish;
You shall eat plum-cake and cream,
And do whatever you wish.

“Will you drive in a coach and four?
Will you ride in the master’s hack?
Shall a footman open the door,
And out of your presence back?
Old dog, in love and honor
Your name shall be handed down,
And children’s hearts shall beat
At the story of your renown.”

UNCLE CHARLES



A MAN SHEARING A SHEEP.



HOW THE LION LOVED THE DOG.

MARY had finished her lesson in writing, and John his lesson in spelling, when their papa said to them, "Now I will tell you a true story about a lion and a dog."

"Was the lion a great fierce lion?" asked John. "Yes: he was large and fierce," said papa. "His name was Nero. He was kept in a cage in London; and people paid money to see him fed."

"Two or three times a week, some live animal would be put into his cage; and Nero would growl, and tear it in pieces, and devour it. It was a cruel thing for the owners of the lion to do; but they thought more of making money than of being kind to dumb creatures."

"One day, they put a poor little dog named Trot into Nero's cage; and people drew near, expecting to see Nero tear the dog in pieces."

"But little Trot stood on his hind-legs, and begged for life in such a queer way, that the great fierce lion seemed amused, and began to purr like a cat."

“By and by some rood was brought in for the lion; and the lion would not touch it till little Trot had grown so bold as to eat with him.

“Nero grew so fond of Trot at last, that the little dog became quite a ty’rant o’ver him. When Nero’s food was brought in, Trot would growl, and would not let Nero come nigh till he had eaten as much as he want’ed.



“It was quite fun’ny to see the great lion make be-lieve he was afraid of the little dog. The lion and the dog lived to-geth’er long in great con-tent; and once, when the dog was taken from him, the lion showed such grief and rage, that they had to put the dog back in the cage.”

“If I were a dog,” said Johnny, “I would not like to be shut up in a cage with a lion.”

“Per-haps not,” said papa; “but the story shows, that even a wild beast is made the hap’pi-er with something to love.”

UNCLE CHARLES

DANIEL'S PRAYER.



"I AM so glad that winter has come!" said John Barton, as he thought of his fine new sled, "The Meteor," and of the skates which his mother had given him the last New-Year's Day.

"Winter would be pleasant enough if I had a good warm house like that," said Daniel Wait, as he looked through an open gate at a fine stately mansion, while the ground in the front was all white with snow.

Poor Daniel was an orphan-lad, and he found it hard to get work. Now and then he got a chance to carry a bundle or a basket, for which he would be paid a small sum; but often on cold days he would stand shivering in the streets, without being able to find any one to employ him.

As he left the gate of the stately house, and walked on, he saw something slip from under the coat of an old gentleman on to the snow. Daniel ran and picked it up. It was a pocket-book, and full of money.

He was hungry and cold; and here was money enough to keep him warm and well fed for many long winters.

But Daniel had had a good mother; and her last words to him had been, "My dear boy, when tempted to steal or to lie, or to do any base thing, say this prayer to yourself, '*God help me, and keep me from sin.*'"

So Daniel said the prayer; and then, before the gentleman who had dropped the pocket-book got out of sight, he ran

up to him, and said, "Sir, you dropped a pocket-book just now. Here it is."

"Thank you, my boy," said the gentleman. "How could I have been so careless!" Then he stopped and counted over the money (quite a large sum), while Daniel stood modestly by, waiting to see if it was all right.

"Not a dollar missing," said the gentleman. "Stop, my boy," added he, as Daniel was moving away, "I must know more about you. What is your name? and where do you live?" Daniel told him his name, and place of abode.

"Well," said the gentleman, taking him by the hand, "you are an honest boy, and I am very much obliged to you."

That was all he said. He did not offer Daniel any reward, or make him any promise; and I am glad to say that no thought of reward had come into Daniel's mind. He went on his way with a light heart. He felt happy because he had remembered his mother's words, and had been kept from doing wrong.

Some weeks had passed away, when one day Daniel was told that Mr. Richman, a wealthy merchant, wished to see him. Daniel called promptly at the merchant's counting-room, and found, to his surprise, that Mr. Richman was the very old gentleman who dropped the pocket-book.

Mr. Richman made no allusion to that matter. He only said, "Daniel, I have a good place for a young man in my counting-room; and I think you are just the boy to fill it. Come to-day, if you please."

So Daniel took the place. He soon learned its duties. He had the full confidence of his employer; and he never forgot the prayer his mother had taught him. He now lives in the house he looked at through the gate, and is treated like a son by the good merchant who resides there.

THE BOY WHO LIKED PLAY.

ONE fine day in summer a little boy was sent to school by his mother ; but she knew that he was fond of play, and so she told his sister to go with him.

It was very warm ; and the boy said to his sister that it would be much nicer to play with him by the riverside than go to school. “No, no,” said she : “I have no time to play. After I have seen you into school, I must go over all the town to buy wool and worsted and needles, and a lot of other things, for mother. She and I must work, and get money to buy food.”



Then the boy saw a bee flying from flower to flower, and said, “I should like to be a bee, and have nothing to do, — no lessons or spelling to learn.” — “Ah ! my sweet brother,” said his sister, “the bee is not idle : it is getting honey and wax to lay up store for winter, when there will be no flowers.” And the bee soon flew away to its hive with its honey and wax.

In a little time they heard a bird singing ; and the boy said, “I am sure the bird has nothing to do. I should like to stay here all day, under the shadow of the trees, and listen to its sweet song.” But his sister said, “See, the bird

has flown down and picked up some pieces of straw, and is now taking them to its nest. It has to build a nest with straw and feathers and moss, and so has no time to be idle.*



They had not gone far when they saw a dog lying by the roadside; and the boy said, "May I not play with the dog? for it seems to have nothing to do." Just then, a man gave a whistle, and the dog started up and ran off to assist the shepherd with the sheep he was driving to the market.



Still farther on the boy saw two horses eating, and said, "They can have nothing to do: so I shall go and play with them." But, as he went forward, a man came up with halters, which he put on their heads, saying, "My little fellow, my horses must plough and harrow my fields. I must have oats and barley and wheat to grind and sell, that I may get money."

Then, when the boy saw that every bee and bird and beast had something to do, he said to his sister, "Well, I shall go to school and learn my lessons. When I get home



mother will allow me a good long time for play with the other boys before I go to bed."

Saying this, he ran off to school; and his sister was glad to get away to do her own errands.

MARY BURTON.



LITTLE PITCHERS.



MAMMA, I've found the pitcher!

Pray listen, mamma dear:

I'm sure it is the pitcher:

But I cannot find its ear.

There's a crooked, ugly handle,

And a stubby little nose;

But the *ear* that grandma tells of—

Is where, do you suppose?

For when she tells some story,

And I hurry up to hear,

She says, "Our little pitcher

Has quite a monstrous ear."

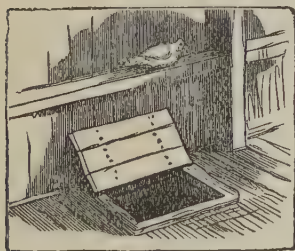
WHAT LITTLE WALTER GAVE HIS TEACHER.



WALTER was a little boy, and went to school. He liked his teacher very much. One day he said to the teacher, "Have you any little chickens where you live?" The teacher said, "No, not a chicken."

The next day, when it was almost dark, as the teacher was eating his supper, he heard something at the door, — rap, rap, rap, quite softly. So he went and opened the door. There stood little Walter, with a large white chicken in his arms. "What's that for?" said the teacher. "It's yours," said Walter.

Then the teacher was very glad, and said, "Thank you!" The teacher thought Walter a very nice little boy, and loved him better than ever, because he had taken so much pains to do a kind act. But, to tell the truth, the teacher did not know what to do with the chicken after he had got it. He felt bound to take good care of it for Walter's sake. "I am afraid that you will be lonesome little chickey," said he as he was carrying it into the house. All of a sudden the little chicken took fright, and fluttered out of his arms.



When it came night, the white chicken did not know where to go. So she hopped into the wood-shed, and flew up on a beam. The beam was just over the well.

It was lucky for poor chickey that she did not fall off into the deep well.

But, the next day, the teacher made her a nice place in the barn to sleep in.

W. O. G.

ELLA'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

MRS. GRAY looked into Ella's room. Ella was fast asleep with her curly hair tangled over her forehead.

"Come, Ella," she called, "get up for breakfast. The sun is shining, and the birds are singing, and it is time for little girls to be awake."

Ella rubbed her eyes, and turned over; for she was a little lazy about getting up in the morning.

"Come, Ella," her mother called again: "have you forgotten that to-day is your birthday?"

The blue eyes opened quickly; and in a minute more Ella was seated on the floor, pulling on her stockings, and chattering.

"I'm six years old to-day," she said. "One, two, three, four, five, six! — six years old! Wonder what I'll get for birthday presents? Oh, these tangles! how they hurt! and I'm in such a hurry!"

At last she got the tangles out, finished dressing, and trotted down to the parlor, where she knew she would find her birthday gifts. There they were on the table, — a wax coil from mamma, a picture-book from papa, and the "cutest" little doll-bureau from her brother Will. But more wonderful than all these was a ripe peach with her name ELLA printed in light-colored letters upon its downy cheek.

"O mamma!" she cried, "where did this peach come from?"

"Ask Will," answered Mrs. Gray.

"It came from my peach-tree," said Will.

"But how did my name get on it?"

"It grew there."

Ella was greatly puzzled, and finally Will explained.

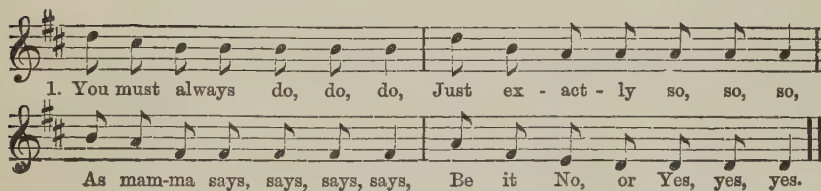
"The sun printed your name," he said. "When the peach

began to ripen, I cut the letters out of thin paper, and pasted them on the side of the peach most exposed to the sun. The sun colored the peach around the paper, but left it white underneath."

M. F. BURLINGAME



ADVICE TO A BABY.



You must never go, go, go,
Where mamma says no, no, no;
For you're very small, small, small,
And might have a fall, fall, fall.

You must never stay, stay, stay
Out at play, play, play, play, play,
When mamma has said, said, said,
It is time for bed, bed, bed.

When you look, look, look, look, look,
At a pretty book, book, book,
You must try and not, not, not,
Let it get a spot, spot, spot.



STORIES ABOUT APES.

ONCE two apes stole two pairs of boots, and, when they got into the woods, they put the boots on ; but, before they could get them off, they heard the hunters coming. The apes could not run or climb with boots on ; and so the hunters came up, and caught them.

I will tell you another and a true story of some apes. Once in a far-off land, a friend of mine stopped at a small hut by the wayside. On each side of the hut there were trees, on the leaves of which were sharp thorns,—thorns which prick and hurt much.

As my friend sat still in the hut, he heard the apes at play on a tree ; and they seemed full of fun. While they were at play, he all at once heard a cry,—a loud cry,—as if some one was in pain.

He looked out of the hut, and he saw that one of the apes had had a fall from the tree on which he had been at play,

and that he lay on the thorns, and that the thorns ran into his skin, and hurt the ape much.

My friend did not like to touch the ape, lest the others should think he meant to hurt it; and then they would have come to bite my friend. So he stood quite still, and looked to see what they would do.

By and by he saw five or six apes come and look at the ape who lay crying in the thorns; and they said in their way, "Lie still, lie still: we will see what we can do to help you out."

So the apes got on a branch of the tree; and then more and more apes came and sat on the branch of the tree, till the branch bent down so low, that the ape in the thorns could take hold of it.

And then, when he had taken hold of it, all the other apes, with a great jump, jumped off the branch of the tree; and, as they jumped, the branch sprang up in the air so fast, that it pulled the poor ape out of the thorns; and the ape kept fast hold of the branch, so that he might once more get on to the tree.

And, when the others saw that this ape was safe on the tree, they came and pulled the thorns out of his skin, and the ape was glad to get rid of the thorns.

But, when the apes had got the thorns out of the skin of the poor hurt ape, they began to beat him, and to chatter away as if they were scolding him.

Perhaps they said to him in the best way they could, "We beat you, so that you may know to take care, and not fall from the tree. You must look where you leap."

• And the poor ape cried when he was beaten, and chattered in his turn, as if he were saying, "Oh, do not beat me any more! I will be good. I will take care. I will look where I leap. I will not fall into the thorns again."

Were they not wise apes to find a way to help their poor friend out of the thorns? They were wise; but ought they to have beat him so? Well, they beat him, so that he might take better care next time.

TROTTER'S AUNT.



THE GUINEA-HEN.



“YOUR Guinea-hen — how satin smooth
Her silver-spotted gown!
She has a top-knot on her head, —
A little feather-crown.
I’ve seen her once; so fine a bird
I think I’ve never known:
How happy I should be, if I
Could have her for my own!”

“Oh! you may have her, if you wish:
But then (I ought to tell)
She has a few ways, that, perhaps,
You may not like so well;
For always from the poultry-yard
She’s trying to get out,
And up the road, and through the fields,
Go wandering about.

I never know what way she’ll take,
Nor how long she will stay,
Nor who she’ll visit, when I find
That she has gone away.

**"Tis not the worst of faults, you say,
To like too well to roam ;
But 'tis a bad thing when one wants
To *never* stay at home.**

**" But though she is so often gone,
I know when she is round ;
For then I always hear her voice
O'er every other sound.
' Kr-r-r-ark, kr-r-r-ark,' she will begin to call
As soon as it is light ;
' Kr-r-r-ark, kr-r-r-ark,' she keeps it up all day :
It is her last good-night.**

**" 'Tis not the worst of faults ; I'm sure
I do not wish her ill :
But 'tis a bad thing when one thinks
She never can be still.
But you may have her if you wish."
" Oh ! you are very kind ;
But, since you have begun to speak,
I think I've changed my mind.**

**" I like her top-knot, and her gown
With silver-spots ; but then
I really do not think I care
To *own* your Guinea-hen."**

MARIAN DOUGLASS





GRANDFATHER AND THE FOX.

A FOX used to come in the night, and catch grandfather's hens and chickens. So grandfather thought he would set a trap, and catch the fox.

He saw his tracks, and knew pretty well where to set the trap. It was a very sandy place, near the seashore.

Grandfather carried out an iron trap with teeth, and buried it in the sand; then he took a turkey's wing, and brushed the place all over smoothly where the trap was. As he walked away, he brushed the sand over where he had stepped, so the fox should not smell his tracks. The fox can smell where a man has walked, just as a dog can.

For two or three mornings, when grandfather went to look, he could not see any thing of the fox; but one morning, at last, there lay the fox with his hind-leg caught in the teeth of the trap. He had put his foot in it that time. He lay stiff and cold and still; and his eyes were shut.

"Ah, you old fox, I have you now!" said grandpa; and he kicked him with his boot, to be sure he was dead. He was hard and stiff. Then grandfather put his foot on the trap, and sprung it; when up jumped the sly fox, and away

he ran on three legs as fast as he could run for the woods. He was only making believe dead, so as to get let out of the trap.

A long time afterwards, grandfather caught that same fox again. He knew him by his broken leg, which had grown together. He did not let him get away again, but put him where he would catch no more of his hens and chickens.

H. W.



ON THE POND.

It is a cold winter-day. The pond is frozen over, and the ice is thick and strong. Now is the time for skating.

Ah! the boys and girls are at it already. There is Charles on his skates, pushing Jane before him on his sled; and away they go over the ice. Come, Ponto, you and I will go out and see the fun. I must put on my cape-overcoat and my fur cap; and Ponto, if you have no objection, I'll take a cigar to keep my nose warm. It is a bad habit, I know; but you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Here we are on the pond. How smooth the ice is! We must step very carefully, or we shall come down head-foremost, like that awkward boy over there. That would be no fun at all to a man of my weight.

What is this boy sitting down on the ice for? Oh! he has had a fall, and got a bump on the head. Never mind, my boy. Pick yourself up, and try again.

Ah! what have we here? Warm doughnuts? Well, this is something quite new.

Let me see! I have some change in my pocket. Six will be enough, little girl. Charley and Jane, come this way, and I'll treat you. Come, Ponto, we will go up on the bridge.



AMY'S TEA-PARTY.

AMY is the only child of her mother: and it is not often that she has a playmate; for her parents live in the woods, and have few near neighbors.

And so Amy has to amuse herself in the best way she can. She loves books and pictures, and gives to them a good deal of her time. But she loves to play too.

Of course, she has a doll; and she has a table of her own, a saucepan, some plates and cups.

See her getting ready for a grand tea-party. But who will be at the party? Her doll Flora will be there for one;

and perhaps the cat will come. But I am afraid the cat will be too busy looking after mice.

When summer comes, Amy will go out under the trees, and hear the birds sing. She will make them tame by feeding them; and so they will fly down to the ground when she comes near. They will not be afraid of her.

Once Amy saw a hawk try to seize a dear little bird. Amy ran and chased the hawk away; and then the bird who had been hurt let Amy take it up and pet it. Amy feeds the hens, and helps to feed the cows.

And so she finds playmates among the beasts of the field and the birds of the air; for she is kind to them all, and they all love her.

IDA FAY.



THE FLYING-FISH.

"TELL me some more about your voyages, papa," said Susan Gray, as she seated herself on her father's knee.

"Well, Susie," said Capt. Gray, "I will tell you about some things I have seen. Perhaps now you would like to hear about flying-fishes."

"Oh, yes, papa! Do tell me about them! What funny things they must be! How do they look?"

"Look at this picture, my dear. It will show how they look, much better than I can tell you. I have seen them very often. Some of them are very beautiful. They are sometimes called sea-swallows."

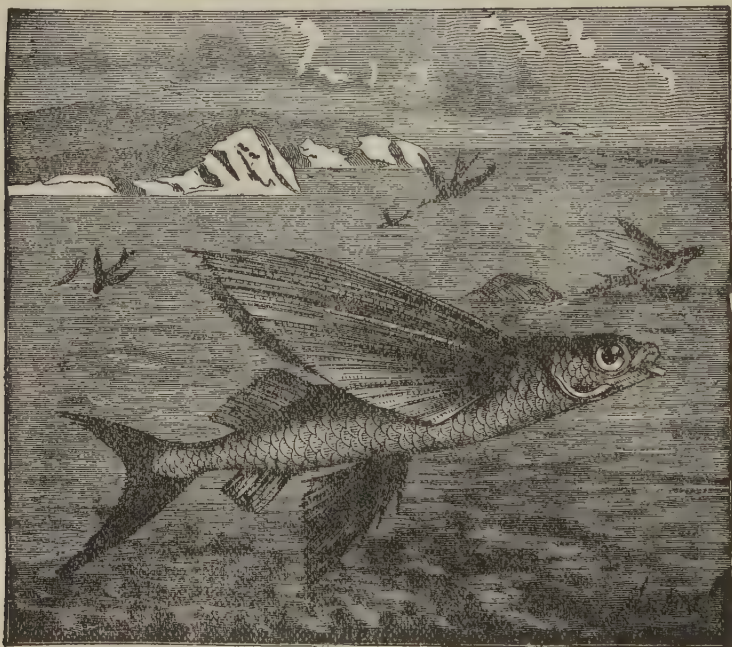
"But do they really have wings like birds?" asked Susan.

"Not quite such good wings as birds have," said her father. "What we call their wings are the two large fins in front, that you see in the picture; but these serve as wings only while they are wet. As soon as they get dry, the wings

become plain fins again, and the flying-fish has to drop back into the water."

"Do they fly high up in the air?" asked Susan.

"Not very high. They seldom get more than fifteen feet above the surface of the water; and they cannot fly very far; but, while they do fly, they skim along pretty fast."



"It must be nice to be able to fly and swim too," said Susan. "I think I should like that if I were a fish."

"Yes. If you were a fish, I have no doubt that you would find it very pleasant; and you would find it very useful too, in more ways than one. Look at the picture, and you will see what I mean."

"What *do* you mean, papa?"

"Why, you must know, my dear, that all little fishes have enemies. The flying-fish is hunted by a large fish called the

bonito, and by some other large fishes. Now, when the flying-fish sees these enemies coming after him, he just pops right out of water, and takes to his wings."

"Good!" said Susan. "They can't catch him then."

"He is not always safe, though, even then," said Capt. Gray, "because there are some large sea-birds that are apt to pounce upon him."

"Poor fellow!" said Susan.

"But, when he sees the sea-birds coming at him, down he goes into the water again, and so escapes from their clutches."

"He must have a hard time of it. But, papa, you have not told me where you saw the flying-fishes."

"I have seen them in many different places," said Capt. Gray. "The last time I saw them, I was in the West Indies."

"What else did you see there?" asked Susan.

"More things than I have time to tell you about now," said her father.

"Please tell me just one thing more."

"Well, I saw pine-apples growing, and they looked just like this.

UNCLE SAM





“TELL ME A STORY.”

“PLEASE tell me a story,” said Willy to his father.

Willy had left his ninepins and his ball on the floor.

His sister Mary was on the plat’form by the win’dow with her mother, and was tak’ing a les’son in sew’ing.

Jeff, the good dog, was under the table, ready for a scam’per out of doors as soon as his mas’ter should get up, and say, “Come, Jeff!”

“This is my story, Willy,” said papa: “There was once a little boy who liked sto’ries bet’ter than ei’ther work or play. He would leave his toys for a sto’ry; he would leave his books for a sto’ry.

“If he saw his father sit’ing down to read a book, this little boy would come to him, and say, ‘Please, tell me a story.’

"So, one day, his father said to him, 'Come into the garden, my son, and I will tell you something better than a story.'

"They went into the garden; and his father took him to a pear-tree, and said, 'You did not like the pears from this tree last summer. What pear do you like best?'

"'I like the Bartlett pear the best,' said the little boy.

"'Do you know there is a way to make this tree bear Bartlett pears?'" asked his father.

"'Why, no! tell me how to do it,' said the boy.

"'I will teach you,' said his father.

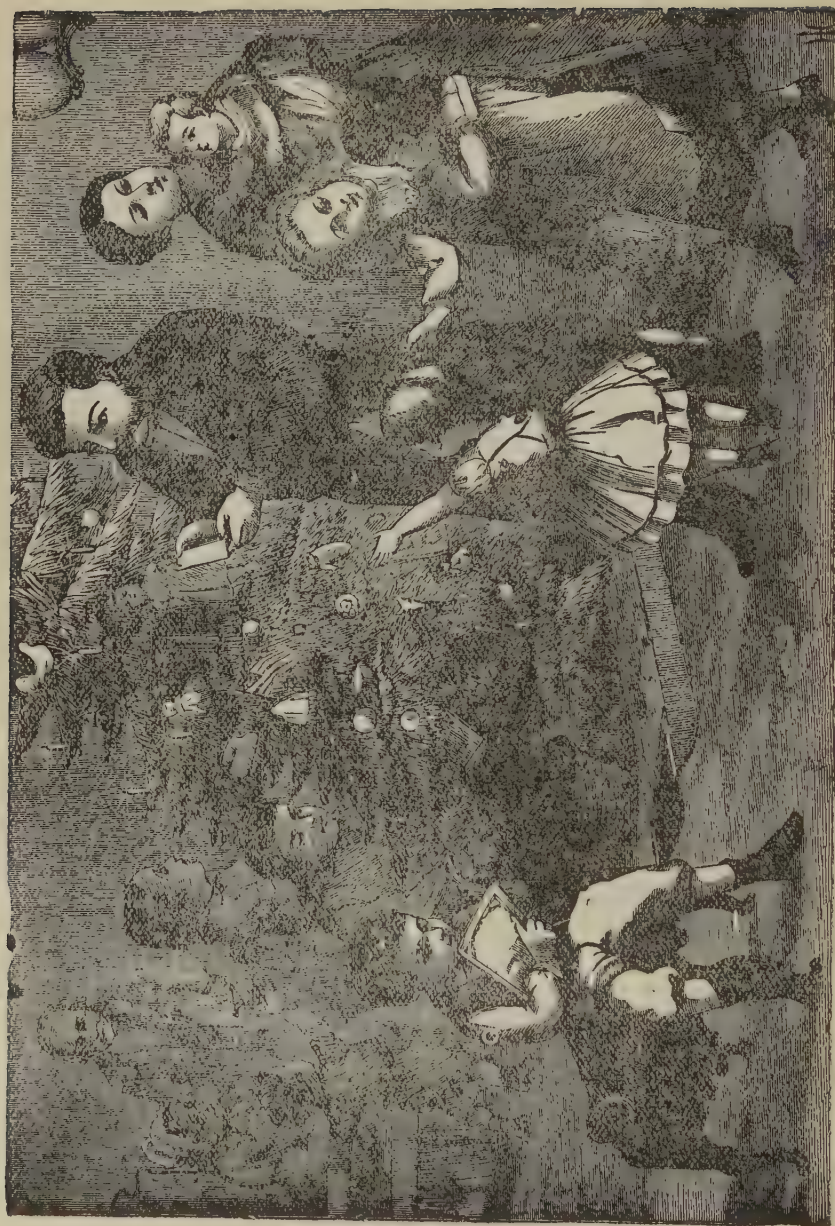
"So his father taught the little boy how to bud and graft from one tree into another, but said, 'It is too late in the season now to graft; but you can bud if you would like to.'

"Come into the garden and teach me, then, how to bud," cried Willy, who now saw what his father meant. "I will not tease you for a story if you will teach me how to bud."

"Take care! make no rash promises," said his father. "Stories have their uses, and are well in their fit time and place; but we must learn to *do* as well as to *hear*. Come, Jeff! come, Willy! We will go into the garden, and take a lesson in budding."

UNCLE CHARLES.







JOHNNY'S DRUM.

SOMEBODY gave Johnny a drum one Christmas. After that there was no more peace to be found in the house. It was rub-a-dub-dub before you were up in the morning, and the last thing at night,—rub-a-dub-dub in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the nursery. The baby could not get a wink of sleep; and visitors could hardly hear themselves talk.

JOHNNY'S DRUM

But by and by Johnny's small bump of curiosity became excited. "What's inside of the drum?" he asked one day.

"An awful noise!" said Ellen the maid.

"What does a noise look like?"

"Bless me! I never saw one; and, if it looks as bad as it sounds, I don't want to either."

"I want to see it," said Johnny; "and I mean to."

Then he took his drum into a closet, and closed the door after him till the light could only creep through a crack.

"I'm just going to see where the noise comes from, 'cause it wakes up the baby," said he.

So he went to work. Presently somebody called, "Johnny, Johnny!" It was his mother, who had begun to wonder what he was about; for, when Johnny was quiet so long, it was a sure sign of mischief.

"I'm too busy to come," shouted Johnny. "I'm engaged."

"In the closet, Johnny!" cried his mother, coming upon him suddenly, with a fear for her jars of preserves and sweet pickles. "What are you doing there, child?"

"I'm only seeing what's inside of my drum," said Johnny. "I've made a big hole through it; and there isn't any thing in it at all!" And, sure enough, he had put his foot through the drum-head, and rub-a-dub-dub was at an end.

Johnny was heart-broken when nothing further could be coaxed out of the drum. "The music's all done," said he, trying to hide the tears.

"But you know now where it came from," said his mother.

"Never mind," said Uncle Jack: "you shall have another drum the first of April."

"Oh, don't!" cried the household.

"Oh, do!" shouted Johnny.

And when April Fool Day came, Uncle Jack brought him home, — *a drum of figs!*



ROBERT AT THE GYMNASIUM.

ROBERT's mother promised him, if he would learn his lesson well, she would take him to the gymnasium.

He *did* learn his lesson well, and she kept her promise. In the gymnasium, she let him mount the ladder; and then she let him climb a short way up a pole.

Boys should take great care not to hurt or strain themselves at the gymnasium or in their sports. I have known boys to be so eager in playing at foot-ball or cricket as to hurt themselves badly.

Robert took great care, and was not hurt. His mother

PLAYING AT HORSES.

was with him to see that he did not run a risk by trying to do too much.

It is well to add to the strength of one's limbs by use, and to gain skill and ease in climbing and jumping; but it is not well to run risks, or to overtask one's strength.

ROBERT'S MOTHER.



PLAYING AT HORSES.

Tom and Harry were playing at horses. Tom was the horse, and was very frisky. Just as they were turning the corner of the garden, frisky Tom knocked over a flower-pot with a very pretty plant in it.

His mother came to the window just as Harry was calling to Tom to stop, that he might pick up the pieces.

The plant was broken. The boys were very sorry, and so was their mother; but sorrow could not mend the plant.

When children are allowed to play in gardens, they should be very careful not to spoil the plants and flowers.

AM



WHAT JULIA DID WITH THE POND-LILIES.

"WHAT do you want so many pond-lilies for, Cousin Julia?" asked Albert Vane, as he guided the boat so that his brother Charles could pull up some of the sweet-smelling flowers.

"I do not choose to tell you what I want them for, Albert," said Julia. "You may be sure I want them for good, and not for harm."

Julia sat, smelling of a pond-lily, at the stern of the boat, while her Cousin Emma leaned over the side, and tried to pull up a lily; and little Mary Gray called to the dog Cato, swimming near, and asked him if he would save her if she were to fall overboard. Cato would have done it gladly, I think.

It was a lovely day in July, and it did not take the little party long to gather fifty fine lilies.

"Now, children," said Julia, "you will please bear in mind that these are all mine. If you want any more lilies for yourselves, there they are in the pond, — a plenty of them." The children laughed; and Albert said that Cousin Julia seemed to have grown very grasping all at once, which was not at all her usual way.

They soon got out of the boat, and went back to their uncle's pleasant cottage on the edge of the pond. Then Julia, with her fifty flowers in a basket, bade her uncle, her aunt and cousins, good-by, and started in the cars for her home in the city.

It was more than a week after that before Albert learned what she had wanted all those pond-lilies for.

He had been to the city, and, on his return to the cottage,

THE SQUIRREL

he said to his mother, "What do you think our dear Julia did with those fifty lilies?"

"I am not good at guessing. Tell me at once," said Mrs. Vane.

"I found out her secret, not from herself, but from Dr. Brown," said Albert. "It seems she took her whole basketful to the new hospital, and went round among the patients, distributing lilies to each. Was not that sweet of her?"

"Yes, sweet as the pond-lily itself," said Mrs. Vane. "I felt sure she had not got all those flowers for her own enjoyment."

"I knew she was plotting something," said Albert; "but what it was I could not find out till to-day. Oh! she is herself the sweetest lily of all."

ANNA LIVINGSTON



THE SQUIRREL

High, high, and as near to the sky
As the tallest branches reach;
See, see, how nimble and free
The squirrel climbs the beech!
Bright, bright, as the diamond's light,
You may see his quick eyes play;
Still, still, as the whispering rill,
Or he'll flit like a bird away.

Down, down, to the oak's leafy crown;
There he thinks he's out of sight;
Swing, swing, O the blithe-hearted thing!
How he chuckles with delight!

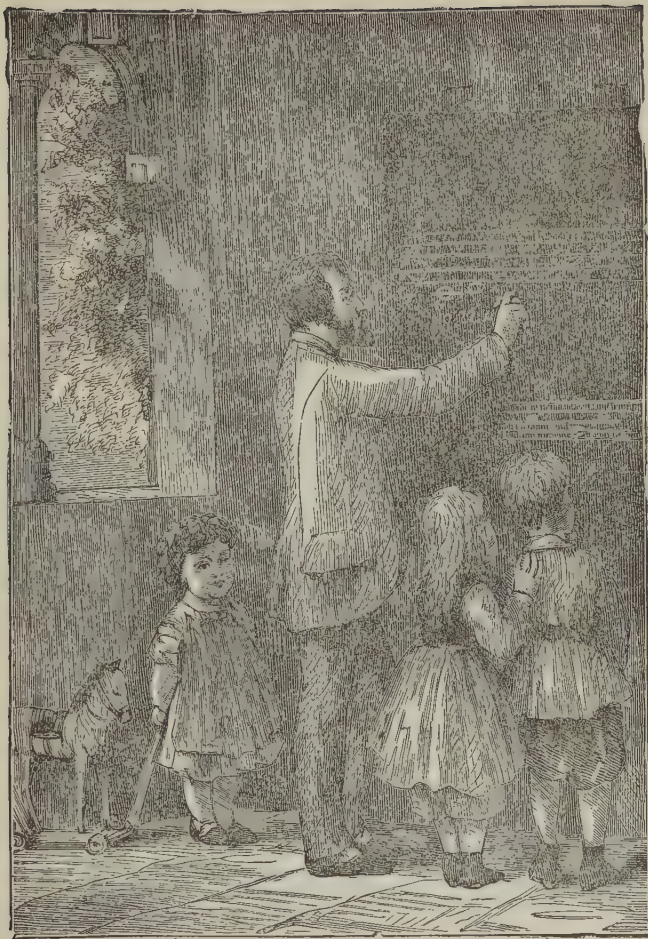
THE SQUIRREL



Crack, crack, with his tail on his back,
'Mong the acorns crisp and fine ;
"Sweet, sweet!" ah! it must be a treat
In his own green bowers to dine.

Blow, blow, and the leaves they lie low
In the autumn's chilly blast ;
Drear, drear, to the eye and the ear,
All the wood's green life is past ;
Deep, deep, now the squirrel doth sleep,
So snug in the hollow tree ;
Calm, calm, till the spring sun is warm,
And the king-cups gem the lea.

George Thompson



THE BLACKBOARD.

In the children's play-room at Mr. Brown's, there is a blackboard on the wall; for the children often ask their father what a thing means: and then he takes a piece of chalk, and tries to make the thing clear to them.

When Johnny asked him the other day what the printed

HARRY'S DOG

notes of music meant, Mr. Brown took his piece of chalk, and showed him how a certain sound in music has a certain written or printed sign by which it may be known.

A blackboard is a very good thing, not only in a school-room but in a play-room; for though the song which says, "Work while you work, and play while you play," gives good ad-vice, yet I do not object to learn'ing all I can from play.

EMILY CARTER.



HARRY'S DOG.

HARRY has a little dog, —
Such a cunning fellow!
With a very shaggy coat,
Streaked with white and yellow.

Harry's dog has shining eyes,
And a nose so funny!
Harry wouldn't sell his dog
For a mint of money.

Harry's dog will never bark,
Never bite a stranger:
So he'd be of no account
Where there's any danger.

Harry has a little dog, —
Such a cunning fellow!
But his dog is *made of wood*.
Painted white and yellow.

JOSEPHINE FOLLARD



WILD FLOWERS IN COLORADO.

"HERE we are, with no use for our nice little ditches. It has been raining from the clouds just as it does East," said Maggie pettishly. "I thought we were in a *rainless* region."

"The old settlers say we have a great deal of rain some years," said Homer. "But we can keep the weeds out of our garden; and I will show you the wild flowers I told you about."

"Wild flowers? It seems as if I should go *wild* to think of them," said Maggie. "I've had to take off my shoes and stockings many a time to pull the cactus-thorns out of my feet."

"Well," said Robbie, "the horses learn to step over and around them, and I suppose we shall after a while."

"I am going to send my biggest cigar-cactus to grandma. It is all budded, and has beautiful red blossoms," said Homer.

"How do you think she can touch it, with the thorns sticking every way from the end of each cigar?" asked Maggie.

"With the tongs," said Robbie.

"Do you remember the bear's-grass that grandma thinks so much of?" said Homer.

"Yes, I do," said Maggie. "Aunt Delia calls it Adam's thread-and-needle, and has it in her garden."

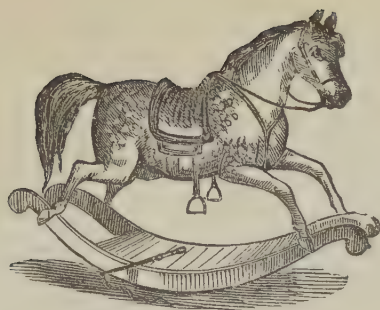
"Well, here it is, growing wild on these plains. Papa says its real name is the yucca."

"I want a bed of these little blue flowers," said Mamie.

"And you shall have it," said her brother. "Oh! it is the spider-lily. Our garden will look like our old one at home. I guess mamma will be glad."

Then the children went home with their arms full of flowers, and a basket of roots for their garden.

MRS. OLIVER HOWARD



EDDIE'S HORSE.

EDDIE owns a rocking-horse ;
And so he gallops away,
And plays that he rides to grandpa's
To help him rake up the hay.

Eddie owns a rocking-horse ;
It is nearly three feet tall :
So he gallops off to Marble Ridge,
And gives Aunt Fannie a call.

Eddie's horse has a mane and tail,
And a bridle fine and gay :
Never a cent does it cost for oats,
And never a dime for hay.

Eddie rides for Dr. Quack
When his sister's doll is sick :
If pony doesn't go fast enough,
Why, Eddie will give him the stick.

Should pony venture to run away,
Then Eddie will cry out, "Whoa!"
But should the pony lazily stop,
Then Eddie will tell him to go.

LUCY AND HER CHICKS.



ONCE there were two little chicks that had no moth'er. They ran a-bout the door, cry'ing be-cause they were all a-lone. Was it not a sad lot for the poor little chicks?



Lucy said, "Don't cry, little chicks: I will be your moth'er." So ev'ery day she fed them with crumbs, and called them lov'ing names; and they both ran af'ter her. They were just as glad to see her as if she had been their own dear moth'er.



Ev'ery night, when the sun went down, these two little chicks came run'ing to Lucy, and want'ed to tuck their heads un'der the folds of her dress. They were tired and sleep'y, and want'ed to be put to bed.



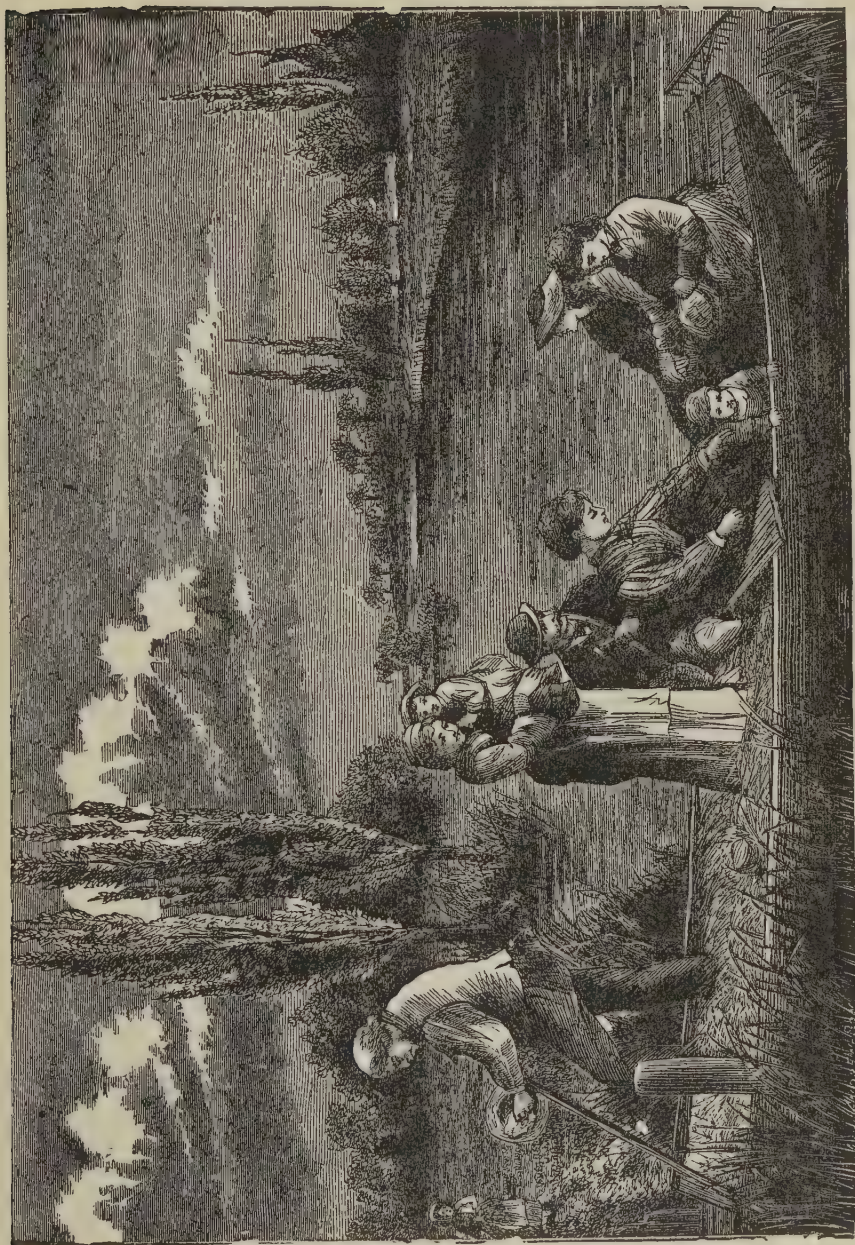
So she took them up in her hands, and put them into a tub close by the door. Here you can see it in the pict'ure. The tub had some soft, dry grass in it; and there the little chicks tucked themselves up, and went to sleep.

Lucy put a board over the top of the tub, so that noth'ing could hurt the little chicks. In the morning, as soon as she heard them peep'ing, or making their little shrill cry, she took them out of the tub and fed them.



Was not Lucy a kind, good moth'er to the two little or'phan chicks?

W. O. O.



SLEEPYTOWN.

I AM the old man you see in the picture. I was born in Sleepytown, and in Sleepytown I have lived all my days. Those two tall poplar-trees were planted by my father when I was a boy.

There was a time when we thought Sleepytown was going to be a great and famous city. In those days we changed its name to Grandville. We laid out house-lots, planted trees, and offered to sell land by the foot.

We had our Main Street, our Washington Street, and our Central Park. We planned a splendid bridge over Coon River. We were told, you see, that a great railroad was to pass through our town; but it was laid through a village six miles off, and so Sleepytown remains Sleepytown still.

I am afraid, if you were to stay here a week, you would call Sleepytown dull. It is not often that business is as brisk as the artist has made it in the picture. I have a ferry across Coon River; and sometimes I take hay across, and sometimes people, and sometimes both. The fare is a cent; for children half-price.

There are a good many children in our town; and, if it were not for them, I think we should all go to sleep. They help to make things lively. A good many of them cross the river in my boat; for they all know that Uncle Silas will take good care of them, and see that they do not fall overboard. On the Fourth of July we are to send up a rocket, and fire off a good many crackers; and a boy is to send up a balloon.

Lately we have had rumors that another railroad is to be built, and that it is to pass along Coon River straight through Sleepytown. Now is your chance, if you want to buy house lots. They can be had cheap. Apply quick to



TIP-TOP.

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR PLETSCH

NELLY RAY lives in a small house not far from the seaside. She is just two years old. She has a doll, whose name is Grace. If you will look, you may see Grace at full length on the door-step, with her arms spread out.

TIP-TOP.

Nelly's father has a fine dog. This fine dog has a queer name. Can you guess what it is? I think you might guess a long time, and not guess right. His name is Tip-top.

See Nelly on the door-step! She has a dough-nut in her hand. She holds it up so that Tip-top cannot reach it; but, Tip-top is such a good dog, he will not take it from her till she gives it to him.

I will tell you a true story of Tip-top. Not far from the house where Nelly lives with her father and mother, there is a beach, on which the broad sea breaks and foams. Here, at low tide, Mr. Ray goes to dig clams.

One day last week, when the tide was low, Mr. Ray went to dig clams, and Tip-top went with him. Mr. Ray, when he had filled his pail with clams, for-got that he had left his spade stuck in the sand. But Tip-top did not for-get it.

Mr. Ray took his pail, and went on his way home. But Tip-top thought he would come back for the spade: for, if he did not come back, the tide would rise high, and higher and higher still, till by and by it would be so high as to cover the spade with water; and then the spade would be lost.

When Tip-top saw that Mr. Ray did not come back, he barked and barked, oh, so loud! "Why does he not come back, and get his spade?" thought the wise dog: "it will be lost, and swept out far to sea by the tide, if he does not come back, and get it."

But Mr. Ray thought that Tip-top was bark'ing at a horse on the beach, and so did not heed him. Then Tip-top thought to him-self, "I must not let that spade be lost. If my mas'ter will not take it, why, I must take it my-self."

So Tip-top went and took hold of the spade with his teeth, and pulled, and pulled, till he pulled it out of the sand; and then he dragged the spade all the way home, and laid it at Mr. Ray's feet.



HOW WE PLAY DOLL-PARTY.

I HAVE a dear little sister named Marie. She is six years old, and full of fun. We have very nice times together.

On Christmas, Santa Claus brought Marie, among her other presents, a beautiful large doll, with a set of dishes. We both had plenty of candy, and other dolls besides; and now we play doll-party very often. I will tell you how.

First we set the dishes around on the table as mamma does when she has company. Then we put water in the milk-pitcher and teapot, and sugar in the sugar-bowl.

Next we put candy on the plates. We play that some is jelly-cake, some cream-cake, and some chocolate-cake. When the table is all ready, we invite and assist the dolls to the table, and seat them around us.

I sit at the head of the table, and Marie at the foot. I put sugar from the sugar-bowl in the cups, then water from the milk-pitcher, which we play is *real milk*. I then pour water from the teapot into the cups, and we play that this is *real tea*. I pass it to each doll; and Marie puts cake in each one's plate.

Our dolls sit very quiet and straight at table, and behave very finely; and we play that they eat and drink a great deal. But, really, their mammas, who are Marie and I, eat and drink the cake and tea. Marie slyly eats Fannie's cake, and I drink Bessie's tea; and then they must be helped to some more. And so we amuse ourselves till the cake is all eaten, and the tea all gone.

After tea, the dolls are taken to the parlor, where they have a nice play with Marie, while I wash the dishes and put them away. When we have played with them as long as we wish, we take our dolls to their different rooms, which we call their homes; and then our doll-party is over.

GERTIE ADAMS.



WASHING-DAY AMONG THE LITTLE ONES.

THERE were four little sisters hard at work. It was washing-day; and what do you think they were doing? Two of them were washing out clothes; one was hanging the clothes out on a line tied to two chairs; and baby sat on the floor with her doll half undressed.

You may see it all in the picture. There is mother in the outer room, stirring the clothes that are in the boiler; but the children are in the old-fashioned kitchen. Make out, if you can, what those things are on the shelf. I can see a candlestick, a teacup, and several other things.

On the floor I see, besides the baby, the doll's hat and dress, four clothes-pins, and the high-chair baby sits in at meal-time. Do you think those are the doll's clothes on the line? Are they not rather too large for dolly? On the whole, I think they must belong to baby. That little girl at the wash-tub, who is the eldest of the sisters, could inform us if her picture could only speak.

I must tell you about that little girl. Her name is Mary. She can read and write; but she is not so fond of books that she cannot find time to help her mother.

Who is up first of the family in the morning? Mary, of course. Who sees that her younger sisters are all nicely washed and dressed? Nobody but Mary. Who gets breakfast? Mary again. Who never grumbles nor complains? That darling Mary, I tell you.

And when work is over, and it is time to play, whose laugh rings the loudest? and who helps most to cheer and amuse all the others? It is that same Mary; and I wish that all little girls were like her,—as ready to oblige, and as free to give their hands to useful work.

ANNA LIVINGSTON



RED, OR BLACK ?

Two little boys had a quarrel ; and what do you think it was all about ? Why, it was all about the color of lobsters !

"Hurrah for the sea-side !" cried Philip : "what fun I shall have, with the boating and the bathing, and the digging in the sand ! But the fishing will be the best fun of all. Many a jolly red lobster will I drag out of the sea !"

"*Red* lobsters — red !" cried Henry, with a loud, rude laugh. "Catch a red lobster if you can ! If you had seen as many lobsters as I have seen, you would know that they are of a dark color, almost black."

"You must not try to make fun of *me* !" said Philip, while his cheek grew almost as red as the lobster he was thinking of. "As if I didn't know the look of a lobster, when my aunt has lobster-salad once a week ! The shell is red, I tell you."

"The shell is black, I tell you," said Henry ; "black as my boots ! If you say it is red, you say what is not true."

"Do you mean to say I tell a lie ?" said Philip, getting very angry ; and from high words the two boys were near to coming to blows, when an old man came up, and asked what was the matter.

"This boy says lobsters are black, and I say they are red," cried Philip. "Now, are they not red, sir ?"

"Are they not black, sir ?" asked Henry.

"Be still, both of you," said the old man. "Neither of you seems to be aware that *lobsters are black till they are boiled*, and that then their color is changed to *red*. Now, before you quarrel again, my lads, be sure you know what it is all about."

UNCLE CHARLES.

WELCOME, MAY!

MONTH of May,
Mild and clear,
Glad the day
Thou art here !
We have had
Heaps of snow :
I am glad
To see it go.

Sunny hours
Now unfold
Yellow flowers
Bright as gold :
In the grass,
We shall meet,
As we pass,
Clover sweet.

Happy birds
On the wing,
Flocks and herds,
Hail the spring.
All day long
We may hear
Robin's song
Far and near.

Girls and boys,
Shall not we,
In our joys,
Grateful be ?
Yes : we'll raise,
From the sod,
Thoughts of praise
' To our God.

EMILY CARTER



THE VIOLETS HAVE COME.

“O MARY ! the violets have come,” cried little Jane to her sister on a fine day in May. “Come with me to the side of the hill where the old oak-tree stands, and I will show you ever so many blue, blue violets.”

So the children went to the side of the hill, and there they plucked violets enough to make two large bunches. One of these they gave to their father, and one to their mother; and the scent of the flowers made the whole room sweet.



DRESSING UP.

"OH, look! Frank has been dress'ing up like an old man with a beard. See the bunch of rods at his side! He thinks to scare us; but I do not fear him. Jane, you are silly to crowd so up against mother." So says Sarah, while her mother cuts a slice from the big loaf.

APPLE-TREE BLOSSOMS

John bows to Frank, and says, "Sir, if you have come here with that bunch of rods to whip these chil'dren, let me tell you, you have come to the wrong place.

"These are good chil'dren; and so, sir, if you want to see the door that the car'pen-ter made, I can show it to you.

"And let me tell you, old man, the next time you want a beard, you must not tear up my moth'er's old mop to make one; and, the next time you want a cane, you must not take my father's cane."

To which Frank re-plies, "If these are good chil'dren, I will not use my rod. But they must not throw their books on the floor; they must not be idle; they must not be cross.

"As for you, young man, I think a slight taste of the rod will do you good; so come with me into the barn, and let me give you what you need."

"With all my heart, sir," says John. "That is a game which two can play at. Shall I not help you hold on your beard, sir? Shall I not carry your cane, sir?"

So John mocks the dressed-up old man; and then Frank drops the beard and the dress, and the two boys run off to the barn. There they have a good time, hunting for eggs in the hay-mow, and feeding the cows and the hens. E. C.



APPLE-TREE BLOSSOMS.

WHAT do you think a little boy said, who, for the first time in his life, saw an apple-tree in full blossom? "O mother!" he cried, "just look at the tree: it has come out full of pop-corn!"



“ OLD SAM.”

IN the city of Coldwater, Mich., there is a large sorrel horse, known by the name of “ Old Sam.” He is the most popular horse in town, perhaps, and is now more than twenty years old. In his younger days, he was used as an omnibus horse ; and he and his mate, a large bay, were so well trained, that they would turn up at the principal hotel, and back the omnibus up to the sidewalk to let the passengers out, without being guided at all by the driver.

One stormy night the train was late ; and, while waiting at the station for passengers, the driver fell asleep. “ Old Sam ” and his companion, after standing about as long as usual, started up town on their own account, backed up at the hotel in the usual way, and then went over to the livery stable where they were kept.

"OLD SAM."

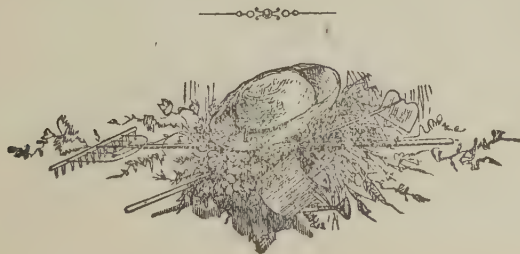
When the war broke out, the citizens of Coldwater equipped the "Loomis Battery" with some of the finest horses that went into the army, and among them was "Old Sam." He was in a great many battles, but came out unhurt; and, at the close of the war, the soldiers bought him of the government, and presented him to Gen. Loomis, who first commanded the battery.

On the return of "Old Sam" to Coldwater, some of the people thought they would give him a reception. So they made ready his old stall, filling the rack with hay, and the manger with oats; then they met him at the railroad station, and, after greeting him with three cheers, turned him loose, and watched to see what he would do.

First he went to the hotel where he used to stop for passengers, and looked around a little. Then he went over to his old home, walked into his stall, smelt of the hay and oats, and gave a loud neigh, as if to express his satisfaction that every thing was right; and then began eating, as if he had been away only a few days, instead of years.

I am sorry to be obliged to add, that "Old Sam" seems to be getting lazy as he grows old. Last summer he was used a little in ploughing; and it is said, that, whenever the whistle blew for six o'clock in the evening, he would stop right in the furrow, and no more work could be got out of him that day. Perhaps he is a believer in the ten-hour system, and refuses to work on principle.

L. P. A.





OUR BABY

I WENT into a rich man's house ; and there I saw a baby asleep in a crib, and the father and mother looking on. Soon the baby woke and smiled, and its smile made glad the hearts of the father and mother.

The baby had on a costly dress and much lace ; and its

LOVE WINS LOVE.

crib was made of rose-wood, richly carved, and there were lace curtains about it.

Then I went into a poor man's house, and saw another baby. Its head was bare; and it had on a coarse dress, and lay in a crib made of an old chest. But the little thing looked healthy and happy.

The father and mother stood by and watched it; and, as the baby smiled, I thought they seemed quite as glad as the parents at the other house.

Then I thought to myself, that babies are such treasures as money cannot buy. Not for all the rich man's wealth would the poor man and his wife have parted with their baby. May heaven's peace rest on all little babies!

IDA FAY.



LOVE WINS LOVE.

WHAT is one of the things we most like to see in a child, or in a friend? Why, it is love; it is affection. If a child shows a loving heart, that makes us love the child in return.

I know a little girl who complains that no one loves her. The reason why no one loves her is, that she shows love to no one.

I have a true story to tell you of a parrot. His name is Doo'doo. He was brought to New York, more than two years ago, and given to a little girl whose name is Katie.

Katie had just come from Kentucky, and felt the need of a friend. Doo'doo had just come from Cuba; and I think he must have felt, as Katie did, the need of a friend.

Katie thought to herself, "This poor bird has been brought away from its warm home, and the friends of its own kind;

LOVE WINS LOVE.

and it must miss them sad'ly. Here it is,—shut up in a cage. What can I do to make Doo'doo hap'py?"

So Katie be-gan to pit'y the par'rot; and then she grew to love it,—to love it just a little. By and by she loved it more. She would take Doo'doo from his cage, and wash him nice'ly with a soft sponge, and smooth his feath'ers. Then she would talk to him, and call him pet names, and let him perch on her fin'ger.

Doo'doo would nes'tle up a-gainst her breast, as if he, too, was be-gin'ning to love just a little. By and by he loved more. He used to watch for his little mis'tress, and make a great fuss, and flut'ter as if he could not tell all his joy, when she came in'to the room.

She would al'ways have a kind word for him; and, three or four times each day, she would take him out of his cage and have a good frolic with him.

For two years she has kept this up; and now the love which this bird with green feath'ers shows for his kind friend and mis'tress would, if you could see it, touch your heart.

When Katie is long ab'sent, Doo'doo will mope and cry sad'ly for her. If she comes in'to the room, when he is in one of these sad moods, he will fly to her with a wild scream of joy; and, when she takes him in her hand, he will kiss her lips, and lay his head a-gainst her warm cheek, and speak the pet words she has taught him.

At such a time, if you should lay your hand on Katie as if to strike her, Doo'doo's eyes will turn green with rage; his feath'ers will ruf'le up, and he will fly at you to drive you off. You may strike him, but he will not fear you.

He will scream, and go at you once more, and fight till you show you do not mean to hurt his dear friend Katie.

Then he will fly back to her with coo'ing words of com'fort, as if he were the on'ly friend she had,—the on'ly one

FLOWERS OF THE MAY.

who could keep her from harm. It is quite a fun'ny sight to see him and to hear him.

We can-not all have pets, like Katie ; but we can all bear in mind that birds and beasts know what kind'ness is. They know it just as well as little girls and boys know it. Let us then be kind to all liv'ing things, even as God, who made them, is kind.

UNCLE CHARLES.



VIOLETS.

FLOWERS OF THE MAY.

A CALLER ! Who is it ?
To make me a visit,
Here comes little Milly !
How are you to-day ?
And, pray, let me ask it,
What *is* in your basket ?
Ah ! now I can see :
It is flowers of the May !

In nosegays you've bound them ;
I'll guess where you found them :
These buds on the bough
Of the apple-tree grew ;

And, under the shadow
Of ferns in the meadow,
You gathered these violets,
Tender and blue.

Your flower-bed, I fancy,
Has given this pansy ;
And close by the road
Grew these buttercups wild.
Oh ! flowers of the May, love,
Are sweet in their way, love ;
But sweeter by far
Is a good little child.

MARIAN DOUGLAS

IDLE WISHING.

GIRL.

"I WISH I were a bird,
To flutter in the light;
To sing and play the live-long day,
With no lessons to recite."

TEACHER.

"But the bird is never idle;
She has her food to earn:
You call it play when she trills her lay;
But to know it, she first must learn."

GIRL.

"I wish I were a honey-bee,
To follow my own sweet will
By wood and stream, with no long seam
To sew over and over still."

TEACHER.

"But the honey-bee's not idle:
She is learning the lesson of life, —
Which flowers are good for daily food,
And which with poison rife."

GIRL.

"I wish I were a summer wind,
Among the leaves to sing;
From the buds at my feet stealing the sweet
To scatter it from my wing."

TEACHER.

"Child, vain is your idle wishing;
For simple duties done,
Sweeter far than the flowers are
That blossom beneath the sun."

MARY N. PRESCOTT

HOW THE KITTENS WERE LOST AND FOUND.

THERE are two little girls whose names are Grace and Alice. Grace is six years old, Alice is three. They live with their father and mother in a neat vil'lage ; and they have a gar'den and an or'chard quite near to their house, where they can run and pick flowers, or feed the chick'ens.

Grace had a pretty yellow-and-white cat, to which she gave the name of Nelly White. This cat was fond of the children, and liked to be with them ; and when she had kittens, that were born in the barn, she must have thought to her-self, "I cannot live so far off from Grace and Alice."

So what did Nelly White do but take the kittens into the play-room, and lay them on the doll's bed. But mamma said this would never do ; and so the kittens were sent back to the barn, where there was a good warm place for them in the hay.

But Nelly was not content. So one day she took her kittens back to the house, and up two flights of stairs into the at'tic, and there she hid them in a cor'ner of the room.

But two of the kittens, Dot and Tom, who want'ed to see the world, strayed away, and fell down between the side of the house and the plas'ter-ing. All night and all day we heard their sad cry. They were hun'gry and a-fraid, and want'ed their moth'er.

Grace and Alice were in great grief. It was a Saturday, and all their little play'mates came to help them find the kittens. Susan and Mary and Louis and Jane looked in all the dark corners, and stretched their arms down into every hole where they thought a kitten could fall.

THE BUILDER.

But all day the same sad cry was heard. The old cat called the kittens, but they had fallen beyond her reach.

At last, papa came to their help. He found that the sound came from the wall, close by mamma's chamber-door. So he took a hatch'et, and cut a hole in the wall, and then out jumped the two little kittens.

"Here they are!" cried all the children.

First came Tom, and then Dot jumped out. They were both tired of being shut up so long in the dark.

The children took them in their laps, and smoothed their soft fur, and then ran and got some warm milk for them from the kitch'en. How glad they were to find their little pets! Their play'mates were glad too, and so was the old cat.

MAMMA.



THE BUILDER.

THIS man, with a roll of paper under his arm, is a builder of houses. He is telling the workmen what to do. The man going up the ladder is a hod-man. Now that spring has come, it is a good time for building.



FRANK'S PASS.

FRANK was a bright little five-year-old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick, he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and, as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it, he would say to himself, "I guess they think I'm a giant;" only he pronounced the word "zhi-ant." He would even attack the old cock, and walk right up to the big turkey-gobbler.

But there was one animal which caused Master Frank to quail with terror, especially when alone, and after dark. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It was a mouse! Yes; a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes, and pretty, tapering tail, would make our bold little

FRANK'S PASS.

boy tremble and scream; and, if he chanced to light on several of these pretty creatures playing together, you would have supposed that he had run against a herd of buffaloes. Very silly, wasn't it?

Now, every night, on his way to bed, Frank had to pass through a lonely room, where mice and rats would sometimes peep out of their holes, and scamper over the floor, frightening him sadly, and causing him to clasp mamma's hand more tightly, and hurry along as fast as possible.

But one night, when it came bedtime, mamma was sick up stairs, and nurse away, and no one with Frank in the sitting-room but papa, who was busy reading his newspaper. So the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone.

"O papa!" said he, "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of what?" said papa.

"Afraid of the rats and mice, papa, in the big lumber-room."

"Oh, nonsense!" said papa: "if that's all, I'll soon fix you out."

So papa took his writing-materials, and wrote this:—

TO ALL THE RATS AND MICE IN THIS HOUSE, GREETING:

You are hereby ordered to let my little boy Frank pass safe through the lumber-room, and all other rooms, at all times. This order will stand good till countermanded. Any rat or mouse disobeying will be dealt with according to law. Witness my hand and seal.

Then papa signed the paper, and sealed it with a big red seal, and gave it to Frank, who thanked papa, kissed him good-night, and trudged up stairs without another word; for he had often seen papa give passes to people who wanted

GOLD LOCK..

to go somewhere, or do something, and he had a high opinion of his father's "passes."

So, when he came to the door of the lumber-room, he flung it wide open, and called out, "Ho! Misses rats and mice, you can't touch me: here's my pass." And every night, when he went up to bed, he held out his pass to the rats and mice; and none of them ever did him any harm.

UNCLE LOWELL.



GOLD LOCKS.

PLAY, play, play!
Busy as a bee all day.
Does she ever quiet keep?
Only when fast asleep!

CLARA DOTY BATES.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Additional words by GEORGE BENNETT.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

mf *f* *ot too fast.*

1. Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone, But
2. Old Mother Hubbard, she turned from the cupboard, And said "Now come along, Snap, We'll

when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none:
go to Dame Hind, and if she is kind, I'm sure she will give us a scrap."

p Poor doggie look'd up with a tear in his eye, Because he was hungry, you know, And
The lame was at home, and she said when they'd come, "There's enough for both of you now; Some
f

waggled his tail, his lit-tle short tail, And said to her, "Bow, wow, wow!"
broth and the shanks;" Mother Hubbardsaid "thanks," and Doggie said "Bow, wow, wow,!"

3 Old Mother Hubbard oft went to her cupboard, Mamma is so good, she would send her some
But seldom could meet with a bone: If old Mother Hubbard lived now: [food,
'Twas hard to be old and hungry and cold, How glad we should be, the poor woman to
With poor little doggie alone! And hear the dog say, "Bow, wow!" [see,

"FATHER IS COMING."

PAUL lives by the sea-side with his father and mother, his brother Tim, and his sister Lucy. His father, Mr. Weed, has a sloop in which he goes out to catch fish.

The name of the sloop is the "Lively Polly," and that name is on the stern of the small boat which belongs to the sloop. You can read the name if you will try.

The two boys are watching their father's sloop as it sails home toward the bay near to the house. The wind blows briskly, and the sloop sails fast.

"Father is coming! He will be home in time for dinner," cries little Tim. "Not for *our* dinner, I fear," says Paul; "for he will have to tack twice before he can get into the bay."

Paul was right. The "Lively Polly" was not in the bay till three o'clock. When Mr. Weed came home, he kissed his wife and children; and they all seemed so glad to see him that it made him quite happy, and he ate his dinner with a good relish.

"Now, folks," said Mr. Weed, "I have had enough of the sea for to-day. Put on your bonnets and hats, call old Pomp, and let us all go and pick a good mess of wild strawberries for tea-time."

"Hurrah!" cried Tim: "I'm ready. Where's old Pomp?" A loud *bow-wow* from the yard soon told where old Pomp was; and he came rushing in, wagging his tail and jumping, and telling all the folks by his bark that he should be glad to take a walk with them to Strawberry Hill.

So Mrs. Weed took down from the shelf six baskets; and gave one to her husband, one to Lucy, one to Paul, one to Tim, one to Pomp, who took it in his mouth, and one she kept.

Then they locked up the house, and went away from the

"FATHER IS COMING."

sea to a high hill, where the strawberries grew thick and red. Oh, what a nice time they had! The air was so soft and mild that it was a joy to be out of doors.

It seemed as if the birds never sang so sweetly before, and that the trees and the grass never looked so green before. When it got to be six o'clock, and the sun was low in



the sky in the west, they left the hill, with their baskets well filled with berries, and walked home.

Can you tell me what Paul thought of before he went to bed that night? He thought how good God is to make the earth so bright and fair for our use and our joy, and how we should hold all good things as from the hands of Him to whom we owe life and thought and the means of grace.

IDA FAX.

MARY AND THE SNOW-BIRD.

I AM eight years old, and my name is Mary. I live in a small town, and there are woods near our house.

In the winter the snow-birds come, and some-times the spar'rows come to get seeds that I throw out for them.

I want to tell you a story of a poor little snow-bird who came to us last win'ter. He had some-how hurt one of his wings, so that he could not fly well; and so, when the other snow-birds flew off to the North, as the warm days of spring drew nigh, this dear little bird had to stay behind.

He lived in a hem'lock tree near the barn. I gave him the name of Tit-tit, be-cause he was so small. Every morn'-ing, while I was at break'fast, he would come to get his food.

But soon some spar'rows found out that there were good seeds and crumbs to be had under o'ur win'dow; and then they would come and peck at poor little Tit-tit, and drive him off.

"This will nev'er do," said I. So I went to the win'dow, and opened it, and cried out to the sel'fish spar'rows, "Shoo! Go away!"

Then the spar'rows were fright'ened, and flew off as fast as they could fly; but my dear little Tit-tit was not fright'ened. Oh, no! He seemed to know that I meant he should stay, and eat his seeds.

So the little bird staid, and hopped about, and made a good feast on the seeds and the crumbs, and chirped loud, as much as to say, "I am not a-fraid: Mary does not mean to drive me off. Those bad spar'rows are a-fraid of her, but I am not a-fraid of her."

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

And so little Tit-tit grew so tame, that, after that, he would come twice a day, and flutter up against the panes of glass, to let me know that he was ready for his seeds. And the sparrows, as soon as they saw me, would make a scolding noise, and fly off, as if they were saying, "We can't plague that ugly snow-bird while she is by. We must go."

When the month of May came, my little Tit-tit grew strong and well, and at last flew off. I think he has gone North to join his friends. But I feel quite sure he will come back again next winter. I shall know him by a spot on his left wing, and I think he will know me too. I will tell you about him, should he come back.

MARY.



THE SPARROW'S NEST.

CLOSE beside the meadow-wall,
Where the buttercups grow tall,
Underneath a blooming yarrow,
Is the nest of Mrs. Sparrow.

"What is in it?" Look and see:
Sparrow infants! one, two, three,
Snugly lying. All together
Scarce can show a single feather.

Blind their eyes, and weak their wings,
And they are such hungry things!
Peeping, peeping, peeping; keeping
Crying all the livelong day.

Mrs. Sparrow is no longer
Looking young and fresh and gay:

She is growing thin and worn;
She is busy, night and morn,
Bringing bugs and bringing berries,
Tempting worms and meadow cherries,
For these crying baby sparrows,
With their great throats stretching wide,
For these noisy little creatures
That are never satisfied.

In the bright days, by and by,
When these nestling birds shall fly,
Singing, winging, glad and blest,
Each one with a different nest,—
When all three shall live asunder,—
Will they keep a thought, I wonder,
Of that nest beneath the yarrow
And the faithful Mrs. Sparrow?

MARIAN DOUGLAS



THE BLIND BOY.

I know a little blind boy who lives in a small town not far from New York. He is nine years old, and his name is Paul. He was born blind; but he has learnt a good deal, and he can read with his finger from books print'ed with raised letters for the use of the blind.

Paul is a good boy; for he does not fret, though he is blind. He loves to stand by the wall, while the boys are at play; and he loves to hear them shout and laugh. Though he can-not kick foot-ball, or play at any rough game, he is glad to stand by, and know that the others are hav'ing a good time.

The boys are all kind to Paul, and there are some games in which he can take a part. When they go into the woods to pick berries, they take him with them, and they lead him so that he does not fall or hurt himself.

Once when the boys were in a large field with Paul, a wild bull came run'ning at them. Some of the boys ran off,

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

but three brave boys stood by to take care of Paul. They helped him up a tree, and then they climbed up themselves.

The wild bull came up, and tore the ground, and made a great noise; but he could not get at the boys on the tree. It made him mad to see that he could not get at them, and he gave such a loud roar that you could have heard him a long way off.

Soon he saw it was no use to try to get at the boys; and then he ran off, and was out of sight. Then the boys came down from the tree, and got over the fence, so that the bull could not have got at them, even if he had come up.

The brave boys were care'ful to see that Paul was first out of the way of harm; then they took care of themselves. Paul loves them all; and he can hear so well that he can tell his friends by their steps. He loves mu'sic, and he has a fife on which he can play sweet tunes.

IDA FAY.



GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

COME, Polly, stop singing:
The school-bell is ringing.
Now put all your playthings away:
Lay the doll on the shelf
To take care of herself,
And don't stop a moment to play.

Now wash your face clean:
You're not fit to be seen!
And put on your clean gingham tire.
You'll find your straw-hat
Fallen down on the mat,
And your satchel hangs up by the fire.

And now, Polly dear,
Bring the comb and brush here,
And let me just smooth out your hair;
Then tie up your shoes,
Or the strings you will lose:
You haven't a moment to spare.

Now give me a kiss:
That's a dear little miss!
You're looking so rosy and bright!
You've no time to waste, —
Make haste now! make haste!
The teacher is 'most out of sight.

AUNT CLARA

THE DOG WHO FOUND A DOCTOR.

Now I will tell you a strange story of a dog; but it is a story which I know to be true. There was a good man who was a doctor, and whose name was Day.

Once, as Dr. Day was driving home in his gig, he saw by the road-side a poor dog who seemed to be in much pain. The dog would cry, and hold up his paw, as much as to say, "Do look at my poor paw! You do not know how much it pains me."

Dr. Day was a kind man. So he said to his horse, "Ho! Stop here, old horse, and let us see what ails this little dog."

So the horse stood still; and Dr. Day got out of his gig, and went to look at the paw of the poor dog. He found that a big thorn had run into the paw, and had made the paw so sore the poor dog could not walk to its own home.

Then Dr. Day took the dog up in his arms, and put him in the gig, and drove home to his own house; and there Dr. Day took the thorn out of the paw of the dog, and bound the paw up in a rag, and gave the dog some nice milk for his supper.

So the dog stayed in the house till he was quite well, and could run and play and frisk once more; and then Dr. Day opened the door, and said to the dog, "Now, little dog, you are quite well, and you can run home to your master if you want to."

And the dog barked, and put his fore feet up against Dr. Day, as if he wished to thank him for all that he had done. And the doctor said, "Good-by!" and the little dog trotted off to his own home, where he could see his master once more.

THE DOG WHO FOUND A DOCTOR.

Some weeks passed by, when one day, as the doctor sat in his room, he heard a noise at the front door. "Bow, wow, wow! bow, wow, wow! bow, wow, wow!" That was the noise. And each bow, wow, wow, was more loud than the last.

So Dr. Day got up to see what it all meant; and, when he was at the door, what do you think he saw? I will tell you what he saw. He saw two dogs on the door-step; and one was his old friend, from whose foot he once took the thorn, and the other was a poor dog who was lame and sick.

Now, when the dog who once had the thorn in his foot saw Dr. Day, this dog ran up to him, and licked his feet, and barked to show that he was glad to see him. And then this dog looked up in the face of Dr. Day, and then ran to the dog who was ill, and then ran back to Dr. Day and barked.

It was plain that this little dog wanted to say to Dr. Day, "You were good and kind to me when I was in sad pain: you made me well; and now I wish you would see to my poor friend here, who is as sick and ill as I was. Will you not make him well too?"

Dr. Day could not help laughing when he saw what the two dogs had come for. He gave them some food; and then he looked at the sick dog, and found he had been hurt in the leg. So he put some salve on the sore place, and bound it up; and then the two dogs trotted off together quite happy, and in a few days the sick dog was well.

"But how did Dr. Day get his fee?"

"That I do not know; but I think he was well paid in the pleasure of having a dog bring a friend for him to cure."

"Did the little dog bring any more sick dogs to Dr. Day, to get him to cure them?"

"That I cannot say; but the doctor was such a good man, I think he would have done all the good he could to both man and beast."



THE DORMOUSE.

My aunt has some pets, and among them is a dormouse. Did you ever see a dormouse? If not, I will show you a picture of one. Here it is.

In its habits, the dormouse is like the squirrel. It lays up a store of food for winter, and passes the greater part of the cold months in sleep.

It rolls itself up, and looks like a little soft ball of fur, when it lies asleep. It gets its name of *dormouse* from this habit of sleeping; for the Latin word *dormio* means, *I sleep*.

In its wild state, the dormouse can build nests in quite a neat style. It will make them of blades of grass, and leaves of trees. It will make a storehouse near by for its food.

But it does not need much food in cold weather. Once in a while, when a warm, sunny day rouses it for a short time, it will take food. and then roll itself up once more to sleep.

READY FOR BED.

It needs a good deal of warmth, and must have soft hay, moss, or wool for its bed.

My aunt's dormouse is kept in a cage, wired at one end, with a little bedroom at the other. Sometimes it will get out of this cage, and then we have to hunt for it all over the house. At length, perhaps, we will find it under the fold of a curtain, or beneath the cushion of the sofa.

This dormouse sleeps during the day, and comes out to be fed as soon as it is dark. It will frolic quite merrily as night comes on. We feed it on nuts, pease, beans, and canary-seed; and we put a tin pan of milk into its cage once a day. It is fond of the milky juice of the dandelion.

My aunt has an old cat named Muff; and it took my aunt a long while to teach Muff to be good to the little dormouse. They will play together now; but, if Muff were to be very hungry, and could find nothing else to eat, I am afraid she would eat up the dormouse.

UNCLE CHARLES.



READY FOR BED.

Now come, my own Elsie, and sit in my lap,
As snug as a dormouse while taking a nap:
The sun has gone down out of sight in the west,
And the birds and the bees and the lambs are at rest.

Enough you have had both of work and of play:
You have studied your book, you have tossed the sweet hay,
You have had a good frolic with Fido and me,
And you now are so sleepy you hardly can see.

Little dormouse, wake up! You must go to your nest:
Yes, bed for such sleepy-heads surely is best.
Your hymn you shall say; then a candle we'll light,
And bid all the folks in the house a good night.

EMILY CARTER

ALL BUT LOST.



JOHNNY and Mary and Ruth went down to the seaside to sail Johnny's new boat. Tiger went with them. Tiger was a dog.

No sooner had Johnny launched his boat than a gust of wind took it across the water to a little island, and it came very near to being wrecked.

"How shall I get my boat back?" said Johnny. He called Tiger, and asked him to swim after it. But Tiger did not like to go, though he stood and barked at the boat in a brave way.

"Bring it here, sir! bring it here!" said Johnny, pointing to the boat, and trying to urge the dog into the water.

"Get it, Tiger, get it! that's a good dog!" said Mary.

"Take hold of it, sir! take hold of it!" said Ruth.

But neither coaxing nor flattery did any good. Tiger would go to the edge of the water, but he would not jump in. He wanted to go in, but he was afraid. The truth is, he was not used to salt water.

At last, Mary saw Frank Brown on the sands near by, and she called to him to come to their aid. Frank came so fast that he knocked down poor little Ruth who sat behind a rock near by, but whom Frank did not see. But Ruth only laughed, for she was not much hurt.

Frank soon waded in, and seized the little boat, and brought it safely back to Johnny; while Tiger barked at the boat, and rushed about in a very wild way.

Frank showed Johnny a safer place where to sail his boat; and there Johnny went and had a good time with his little sisters.



MY NEPHEW THE ARTIST.

MY NEPHEW THE ARTIST.

EDWIN had a slate in his hand. He drew a figure, and said to me, "Look here, Uncle Charles: don't you think I can draw well?"

"How old are you, Edwin?" I asked.

"I shall be seven next May," said Edwin.

"And is this the first drawing you ever made?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Uncle Charles!" said Edwin: "I have used a slate and pencil for more than a year."

"Then, my dear boy, I think you will never make an artist," said I: "the drawing is very bad indeed."

"But, Uncle Charles, I am a small boy," said Edwin, who was much mortified at what I told him.

"You are large enough and old enough," said I, "to do better than that, if you had a gift for drawing."

Edwin grew up, and became an artist. Twenty years had passed by since he drew the figure on the slate. I went to see a painting he had made.

"Well, uncle, what do you think of that?" he asked.

It was a landscape, in which much pains had been taken, but in which I could not see signs of the "gift" I had spoken of.

"I think just as I thought twenty years ago," said I, "that you will never make an artist."

"But I *am* an artist," said Edwin.

"Yes, in name," said I, "but not in fact."

Plain speaking did Edwin a great deal of good. He had the sense to see at last, that there were some things he could do better than the work of an artist.

Edwin is now a lawyer, and a good one. When we meet,

ROSES FOR A DEAR CHILD.

he laughs at the times when he thought he could draw and paint. and says, "You were right, after all, Uncle Charles, when you looked at my drawing on the slate, and told me I should never make an artist."

UNCLE CHARLES.



ROSES FOR A DEAR CHILD.

SWEET rose of June, how fresh and fair you bloom ! Shall I pluck you from your stem ? If I do, you will soon fade, and your leaves will fall. But then your life will not be long if I let you stay.

And so, dear rose, I cut your stem, and here I have you in my hand ; for I have a use for you, and a good use I think.

I know a child whose cheek, not long since, was fresh and fair as yours with its tint of pink. But this child fell sick ; and she now lies on her bed, pale as the sheet that rests on her breast.

Dear rose, I know that when she sees you the pink hue will come back to her cheeks, and the smile will come back to her lips ; and she will take you in her hand, and

JOHNNY AND HIS KITE.

kiss you, and thank me that I brought you to cheer her, and make her think of the sweet sights and scents which June brings for our joy.

You will have done some good, in your short life, dear rose! You will have sent a thrill of joy to the heart of a good child. Let us all try to do good. The drop of dew gives joy to the rose, and the rose gives joy to the child.

Now the child can give joy to some one. To whom? Let it be to the first one who wants. If we can give no more, let us give a rose; and if not a rose, why then a leaf!

EMILY CARTER



JOHNNY AND HIS KITE.

WHAT a happy boy our Johnny was when he got his first kite! His father gave it to him for a birthday present. It was a nice large kite. It had two red stars on its face, and there was a ball of twine with it all ready for use.

Look at the picture, and you will see Johnny with the kite in one hand and the ball of twine in the other, showing his present to his mother. His sister Helen with her doll stands looking on just as much pleased as he is.

JOHNNY AND HIS KITE.

After Johnny had looked at his kite a great many times, and showed it to everybody in the house, he wanted to go right out and fly it. But he was too small a boy to do that without having some help.

I don't know what he would have done if he had not had an Uncle John. But he did have an Uncle John, who was not too old or too proud to take part in the plays of children (I pity anybody who is); and, when this Uncle John saw what was wanted, he said, —

“Now, Johnny, my boy, just wait till to-morrow morning, and we will go out and fly the kite. That kite is bound to be in the sky before it is twenty-four hours older.”

“Hurrah!” said Johnny: “won't we have fun!”

“May I go too?” asked Helen.

“Of course, you may,” said Uncle John, giving her a kiss. “We will all go together.”

So the next day all three started out. It was a bright summer day. The flowers were all in blossom, and the air was sweet with the smell of new-mown hay. They passed a field where a man was mowing; and they stopped a moment to look at him. How the tall grass went down at every sweep of his scythe!



At last they came to a place which Uncle John said was a good one for flying a kite.

JOHNNY AND HIS KITE.

"You shall pitch it, Johnny," said he. "Stand right here on this hill, and let the kite go when I call out '*Now*.'"

Then he took hold of the string, while Johnny stood with a beating heart waiting for the word. Pretty soon a smart puff of wind came full in his face.

"Now!" said Uncle John. Up went the kite, and off went Uncle John. Johnny and Helen ran after him with their eyes fixed on the kite. First it fluttered and drooped a little as though it had half a mind to come down. Then it shot up higher, higher, and higher.

"Now, Johnny," said Uncle John, when he had let out nearly the whole length of the string, "come and take hold here yourself. Hold on tight! Don't let it carry you away!"

"I can hold it," said Johnny. "Look at me, Helen!" And he stood there as proud as could be, gazing up at his kite.

Then Helen wanted to hold it. Then they sat down on the grass, and held it together. Then Uncle John cut a little piece of paper, and sent it up on the string as a messenger. It was such grand fun, that the children would have staid there all day if they could have had their way.

But after a while Uncle John said it was time to take down the kite; for they must be going home.

"Give me the string, Johnny," said he: "I will wind it up."

"Let me wind it myself," said Johnny.

"Very well. Take it in carefully," said Uncle John. And he showed him how to do it. Johnny got along nicely for a few minutes; but all of a sudden, as he was winding the twine over the stick, the kite gave a harder pull than usual, the stick slipped through his fingers, and away it went.

Dear me! what a time there was then. The wind was carrying the kite straight towards the pond. The stick with the string tied to it was dragging over the ground so fast, that it was soon out of reach.

THE POND-LILY.

But Uncle John dashed after it. He climbed over two fences; he rushed through a hedge; he sprang over a ditch; he caught hold of the kite-string, which had got entangled in a tree; and at last, to Johnny's great delight, he brought the kite safely back with the loss only of a few yards of twine.

You should have heard the story of the loss and rescue of the kite as told by Johnny and Helen when they got home.

"And, mamma," said Johnny, after he had talked himself almost out of breath, "*if it hadn't been for Uncle John, we never should have seen that kite again.*"

UNCLE JOHN.

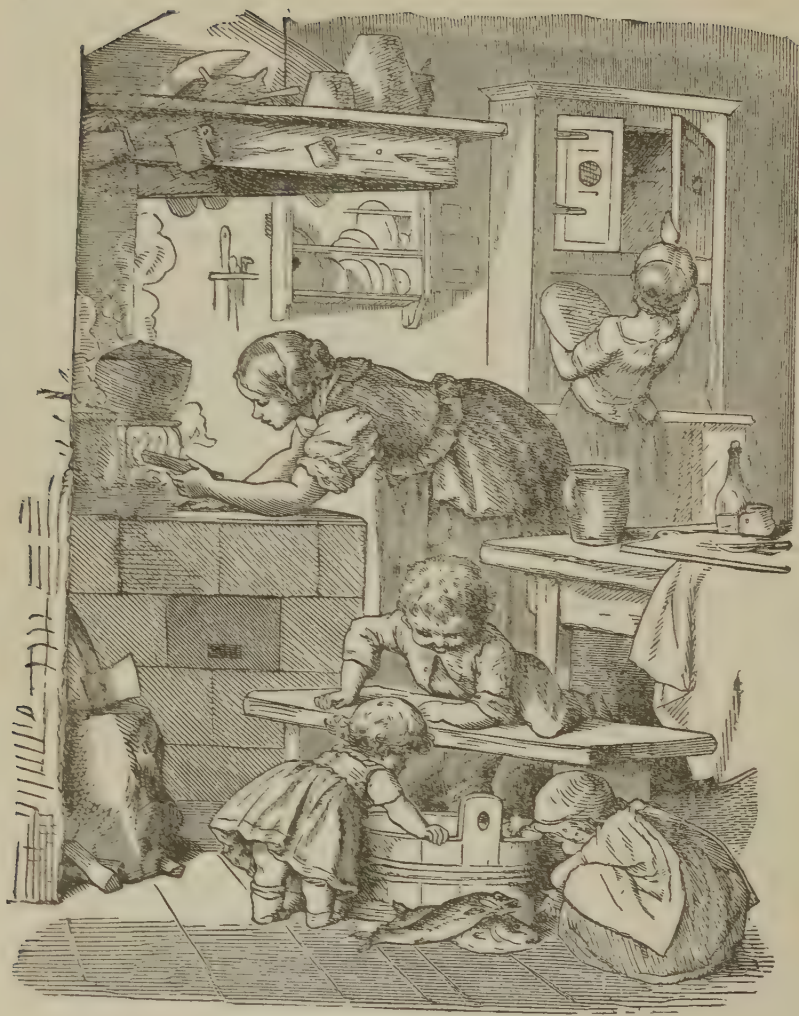


THE POND-LILY.

SEE, Robert is trying to pluck a pond-lily to give to his sister Mary! Look out that you do not fall into the pond, Robert! The lily is sweet; but it would be sad to have you lose your hold, and fall into the water.



HAZEL HOLLOW.



FISH FOR DINNER.

SEE the three children in the kitchen! The folks are to have fish for dinner. Bridget the cook is fixing the fire; and Jane, the small girl, has taken a loaf of bread from the cupboard.

FISH FOR DINNER.

In the tub on the floor are some fish ; and two have been taken out of the tub, and laid on the floor. James leans on the bench, and looks into the tub. Little Ann rests both hands on the side of the tub, and looks at the fish ; but Ellen puts her finger near the mouth of the two on the floor, to see if they will bite.

When we have fish for dinner, I think of the poor men who go out in their boats to catch them. A fisherman's life is a hard one. Sometimes he leaves the shore when the sky is fair, but no sooner is he some miles off from the land than the clouds will rise, and a dark, wild storm will come on, and heap up the big waves around his small boat, so that he will be in great danger.

Sometimes there will come a calm ; and he will have to stay in his boat all night, while his wife and children at home are longing to see him, and sending up prayers for his safe return.

I once knew a fisherman, who, on a dark night, when the sea was calm, lay down on the deck of his small sail-boat to sleep. He had just got into a doze when he was roused by the sound of a steamboat coming near.

He started up, and saw the steamboat coming fast right towards him. He shouted and shouted ; but no one heard his voice. On came the steamboat ; and he had just time to catch hold of a rope that hung from the bow, when his own boat was hit in the middle and sunk.

By holding on to the rope the man was saved. He climbed up the side of the steamboat, and jumped on the deck. He was a poor man, and the loss of his boat was a sad thing for him ; but he felt grate'ful to God that his life was saved.

Such are some of the dangers which men have to run in order that we may have fish for dinner.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



A TAME BEAR.

THE bear that I mean was a tame bear, who was kept, like a dog, at home in a house. He was not the tame bear, of whom you may have heard, who once walked into a school-room, and scared the scholars.

No: this bear was found, when he was quite young, by a man who gave him such a long name that I shall tell you only the first part of it, which was Tig.

When Tig was small, he was fed on milk, and was quite gentle. When he grew larger, he was good-natured but rough. He would leap, like a great dog, on folks who came up to play with him.

Sometimes his master took him into the parlor when he had company; but, as Tig tore the ladies' dresses by putting his rough paws on them, he was told he must not come into the parlor any more.

His master was a professor in a college; and one day Tig followed him to the chapel, and went in, scaring all the people, so that they ran from him, this way and that. His master did not know what Tig was about all this time.

A TAME BEAR.

Tig went up the aisle of the chapel into a pew. All the stu'dents stared to see a great black bear come in, as if to hear prayers with the rest of the folks. Tig's master had to come down from the pulpit, and lead him home.

Tig grew to be so rough, at last, that his master had to send him into the country. Tig was placed in the care of a man who sometimes had to drive in his sled through the woods, over very bad roads, where there were stumps.

Once, when he was driving over one of these bad roads, Tig was in the sled with him. Tig did not like to be jolted. Soon he began to hold on to the man so as to keep himself steady. Then, when the road grew worse, he held on more tightly and began to growl.

All this time the man had hard work to keep himself on the sled; and, as Tig growled worse and worse at every jolt, the man began to grow frightened. Tig held on with his great paws tighter and tighter.

At last the poor bear could endure the jolting no longer; and after giving to the man's shoulder a parting grip, which almost crushed the breath out of his body, off Tig leaped, with a growl, and lighted on the back of the poor horse.

This scared the horse so that he began to run; and the faster he ran, the tighter Tig hugged him, till at last the sled was overturned, and the man was thrown out. Then off ran the horse, faster and faster, with the big black bear on his back, growling and holding on with all his might.

When the horse was almost frightened to death, Tig got tired of holding on, and sprang off from his back, and ran into the woods. The horse, having got rid of the bear, stopped until the man came up, and drove home.

Tig staid in the woods several days, but at last got hungry, and came back to the man's house. The man did not take him again in his sled over that rough road.

L. O.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

THERE was once a nice old red cow who gave the children a whole pailful of milk every night and morning, and never hooked anybody; but just went moo, moo, moo, and chew, chew, chew, all day long. Her name was Clover.

In the next barn lived an ugly dog, who barked and growled all day, and did no good to anybody. His name was Snap.

Old Clover woke up one morning very hungry; and she cried "Moo-oo-oo, moo-oo-oo!" until Roger came and gave her some nice sweet hay for her breakfast. Then he went back to the house. But, just as Clover was putting her nose into the hay, in rushed the dog Snap, jumped into the manger, and with a "Roo-roo-oo, brow-row-row-row!" barked at and bothered poor hungry Clover until she was almost crazy.

Now, did you ever know any creature so ugly as Snap? He could not eat the hay himself, and he would not let any other creature eat it.

MARY MORRISON.

